

LOST BOYS 2: THE TRIBE

Directed by

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OVER BLACK

A distant rumbling sound, like THUNDER.

As the sound builds, we FADE IN on:

THUNDER CLOUDS, rolling in unnaturally fast. The clouds literally explode toward us, billowing out at hyper-speed, turning the horizon black.

And now we realize that these are not thunder clouds at all. We are UNDERWATER, looking up at the churning IMPACT of BREAKING WAVES.

CAMERA BLASTS up and out of the water, revealing:

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

A BLOOD RED SETTING SUN. The sound of THUNDER continues... the deep, primal RUMBLING of GRINDING WAVES.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BALCONY - DUSK

The VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE: a modern, sleek estate, partially sunken into the surrounding hillside. All clean, elegant lines. A Bond villain's house.

DAVID (cold eyes, pale skin) steps out on the balcony. He looks out at the dying purple light of the setting sun, listens to the distant crash of the surf.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A lower BEACH HOUSE is connected to the main house by interior stairs. David opens a sliding glass door and walks out wearing a full suit, peeled down to his waist.

David goes around the side of the beach house and returns a moment later carrying an old school LONGBOARD under his arm.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH - NIGHT

A FULL MOON shines down on a private beach. David sets his board down on the sand, tucks one knee under him and leans back, stretching. He doesn't seem to notice as FOUR SHADOWY FIGURES approach.

The newcomers are also surfers... they wear full suits and carry surfboards. At the front of the pack is a light-eyed adonis named SHANE (29).

David stops stretching and looks up at them. He gets to his feet.

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DAVID

This is private property.

KYLE (22, boyish good looks), steps forward past Shane and starts toward the water.

KYLE

Yeah, we kinda figured. All those alarms and everything. Total pain in the ass. But the waves are so worth it.

David takes a sidestep and blocks Kyle's way.

DAVID

Maybe you guys didn't hear me.
You're trespassing.

ERIK (27, Jamaican Soul Surfer) smiles and steps up next to Kyle.

ERIK

Oh, we heard you. We just don't give a shit.

KYLE

Take it easy, man. Van Etten used to let us paddle out here all the time.

David clenches his jaw and steps right into Kyle's face.

DAVID

Yeah? Well I'm not Van Etten.

JON (24, South African) starts laughing.

JON

Clearly. Where you from, bru?

DAVID

Santa Carla.

ERIK

You need to learn to relax. You'll live longer.

The surfers flash cocky smiles, clearly feeling superior -- they are younger and they outnumber David.

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David takes a long look around at them, then shakes his head and smiles. He looks up at each of them in turn, but winds up talking mostly to Shane.

DAVID

That locals only bullshit might
have worked for you in the past,
but I got some bad news for you...

David's lips curl back and he flashes a WICKED SMILE,
revealing a pair of elongated FANGS.

DAVID (cont'd)

You just fucked with the wrong guy.

A beat.

Shane and his crew don't react with surprise. They show no fear at all...

In fact, Shane and his three fellow surfers all start LAUGHING. And then...

SHANE flashes his own razorblade smile, showing rows of vampire fangs.

SHANE

Really.

David only has a moment to register this before KYLE, ERIK and JON all open their mouths, revealing three more sets of FANGS and--

The crew attacks David in a BLUR -- so fast that the camera loses them completely. David gets out a surprised cry. BLOOD and VISCERA hit the sand. RIPPING, TEARING sounds.

Only SHANE remains standing. He plants his board in the sand and leans against it, watching in silence as the other vampires rend David limb from limb.

After a beat, JON stands up. The front of his wetsuit is SLICK with BLOOD. Shane tilts his board under his arm and starts to walk toward the water...

SHANE (cont'd)

Make sure you take the head.

Jon reaches down to his thigh and pulls a nasty looking SOG knife out of a thigh sheath.

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JON

Right.

Shane continues walking down the beach toward the water.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

We MOVE with SHANE as he walks away (maybe singing a BEACH BOYS TUNE under his breath?). Behind him, in the distance, we can see JON leaning down over the body with his knife.

There's a WET, RIPPING sound and...

Jon stands back up, holding DAVID'S SEVERED HEAD. Kyle reaches over and starts to take the head from Jon. There's a little scuffle over the head, but Jon relents.

KYLE

Hey Shane!

Shane turns to see:

KYLE (cont'd)

Heads up!

Kyle takes a couple running steps and PUNTS the SEVERED HEAD out into the ocean.

The head goes spinning off into the darkness and makes a hollow splash in the distance. Kyle limps and hops on one foot.

KYLE (cont'd)

Ow! Man, my toe hit his stupid spine. God damn, that kills!

Shane shakes his head like a disappointed father and keeps walking toward the ocean.

Erik and the other guys laugh their asses off.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The sound of LAUGHTER is distorted and watery.

David's severed HEAD sinks down through the water, rotating slowly and giving us a nice, SLOW MOTION view of his face -- frozen in a silent scream...

The FISH dart in and start taking bites of it.

FADE TO BLACK.

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LOST BOYS 2
THE TRIBE

CREDITS ROLL.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

Establishing a large industrial loft. A beat-up Honda CIVIC pulls up in front and parks.

The car doors open and CHRIS EMERSON (22) gets out of the driver's side. Sandy blonde hair, light eyes, bronze skin, an intensity in his eyes that gives him an edgier appearance than your typical California surfer.

He twists his head, cracking his neck, looks across the hood as his sister NICOLE (18) gets out of the car. She carries herself with less certainty than her brother.

NICOLE

Um. Wow.

CHRIS

Don't start, okay?

NICOLE

Start what? This is great. I always wanted to live in a bomb shelter.

CHRIS

Like I said before, it's temporary.

Nicole glares at the front of the place, hating it. Chris slams his door and starts away.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Come on, let's go find Jillian.

EXT. JILLIAN'S LOFT, FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris knocks on the door. He and Nicole take in the decor. Lots of WIND CHIMES and a couple poorly thrown CLAY POTS. Dreamcatchers. An amateur herb garden.

From within they hear JILLIAN.

JILLIAN

(through the door)

Coming! Coming!

(CONTINUED)

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Nicole sets the cat down as the door opens and JILLIAN (50's) stands in front of them. Her hair's pulled back in a pony tail and she's wearing workout clothes.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Yes?

She gives them both a wary look, then suddenly seems to realize who they are.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Oh my gosh. Chris? Is that you?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Hi Jillian.

JILLIAN

I promised myself I wouldn't say this, but look how big you've gotten.

CHRIS

Twenty years will do that.

Jillian pulls him into a hug and then spots Nicole.

JILLIAN

And you must be Nicole.

NICOLE

Hi.

Nicole tries to get a hand up for a handshake, but Jillian pulls her into a hug as well.

She stands back, appraises them. She holds on Nicole.

JILLIAN

Wow. You look so much like your mom. It's totally blowing my mind.

NICOLE

Thanks.

Nicole looks at the ground and there's an uncomfortable silence before Jillian muscles through.

She grabs a KEY RING off a board near the door.

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JILLIAN

Let's get you guys situated.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

About what you'd expect. Brick and concrete. Bare bones, but with a spectacular view onto a a river and an old bridge.

JILLIAN

So, I was thinking \$650 a month.
How does that sound?

Nicole and Chris both look at Jillian. She gives a nervous grin.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

And I'll waive the security deposit.

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Sounds good.

An uncomfortable silence.

JILLIAN

Great. Okay. And you can just make the check out to me.

Jillian glances at her watch.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Shoot, I gotta run. I want try to catch a spinning class.

She gives them both quick hugs.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

So great having you guys here!

Chris and Nicole smile politely as Jillian makes her escape. As soon as she's gone:

NICOLE

What a dump. And \$650 a month? I thought she was gonna let us stay here for free.

CHRIS

So did I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole picks up a random piece of junk from the floor and tosses it aside with disdain.

NICOLE

Where the hell am I supposed to sleep?

CHRIS

We have that futon. Maybe we can pick up another one used or something.

NICOLE

Wow. A futon. A used futon. I bet this is just like college, except not cool.

Chris looks at his sister.

CHRIS

Come on, let's get out of here for a little while. We'll unpack later.

EXT. TRINIDAD, VARIOUS (MONTAGE) - DAY

Various shots of TRINIDAD, giving us a feeling for this small Northern California town. Quaint, almost storybook but with a subtle air of foreboding.

EXT. TRINIDAD, OUTDOOR MALL - DAY

Chris and Nicole walk through an outdoor mall. Chris spots a SURF STORE and starts toward it. Nicole sees where he's going and hangs back.

NICOLE

Come on, Chris. I can't deal with people saying "dude" and "bro" every other word right now.

CHRIS

I need a board, Cole. Did you see the surf when we were coming in? It's firing.

NICOLE

You had so many back at home.

CHRIS

Had being the operative word. They all got converted into gas money.

(CONTINUED)

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NICOLE

Okay. Then how about I go hang in the music store while you look? You can come get me when you're done.

Chris looks unconvinced. Nicole smiles easily.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Don't worry so much. I have my cell. It's the middle of the day. And this is Trinidad, California... not Tijuana.

After a beat, Chris nods hesitantly. Nicole spins and heads for the music store before he can change his mind.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Cool. See you in a few.

EXT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Nicole heads into an INDIE MUSIC STORE. There's a HOMELESS DUDE sitting out in front of the store. Dude wears a big trenchcoat, has long, greasy hair in a pony tail and he's playing a SAXOPHONE.

As Nicole approaches, Dude stops playing and looks up at her.

HOMELESS DUDE

Spare any change?

Nicole digs in her pocket and pulls out a couple bucks. She places it in his sax case. Dude nods a thanks at her and says:

HOMELESS DUDE (cont'd)

I still believe, man.

... he puts the reed in his mouth and starts playing.

INT. SURF SHOP - DAY

Chris wanders around the back of the surf shop, pulling out various boards and checking them out.

He looks up as a 12-year-old GROM appears next to him.

GROM

Lemme know if I can help you out with anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

You guys have any guns... or is
this pretty much it as far as
selection?

Now the Grom's expression changes. He sizes Chris up.

GROM

Come to surf the Reef?

Chris nods.

GROM (cont'd)

It's a pretty heavy break, bro.

CHRIS

I've surfed Mavericks. I think I
can handle it.

GROM

Mavericks is kid stuff compared to
the Reef.

Chris gives the kid a cocky smile.

CHRIS

Good. Because I tore the ass out of
that place, no problem.

GROM

Well, you got the right attitude.

The Grom gives a surreptitious look toward the front of the
store.

GROM (cont'd)

Anyways, you don't wanna buy one of
these, dude. These things are eggy.
Overpriced machine-shaped McBoards.
You should check out the Frog
Brothers shop if you want something
real.

CHRIS

Where's that?

GROM

Way out in the ass-end of nowhere.
I'll draw you a map...

He leans in to Chris and gives a surreptitious look toward
the front of the store.

(CONTINUED)

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GROM (cont'd)
Just don't tell my boss.

PRELAP some EMO PUNK, which carries us into:

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Nicole wears headphones and scans CDs into a listening kiosk. She's flips the CD and looks at the back.

She looks up as somebody passes her a FLYER and sees EVAN, a 22-year-old emo guy with a faux-hawk. He stands there, grinning at her, until she pulls the phones off.

EVAN
If you like those guys, you'll
frickin' love us.

NICOLE
Is this your band?

EVAN
Yeah. I'm Evan. Lead vocals and
rhythm guitarded.

Evan offers a charming smile. Nicole glances at the flyer. She starts to hand it back to him.

NICOLE
Thanks, but I wouldn't even be able
to get in.

EVAN
What? How old are you?

NICOLE
18. In a couple months.

EVAN
Whoa. You look way older.

She tries to put the headphones back on--

EVAN (cont'd)
Haven't seen you in here before.

NICOLE
Yeah. Just got into town. I'm from
San Diego.

EVAN
Did you come up here alone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole gives him a look, and Evan immediately realizes...

EVAN (cont'd)
Oh god. That made me sound kinda
creepy, didn't it?

NICOLE
A little.

Nicole smiles, letting Evan off the hook.

NICOLE (cont'd)
I came up with my brother.

EVAN
Reason I ask is because it's not
really all that safe for girls to
be out alone at night around
here... I'm sounding creepy again,
aren't I?

Her smile falters, but she still holds up her thumb and
forefinger to indicate "a little".

EVAN (cont'd)
It's just that this town has a
disproportionate amount of young
women that go missing... which, I
mean... I'm just gonna stop talking
now.

Nicole folds up the flyer and sticks it in her pocket. She
nods.

NICOLE
Good to know. Thanks.

EVAN
Wait. Lemme give you my number.

He writes his number on another flyer and hands it to her.

EVAN (cont'd)
I can hook you up with an ID if you
want to see the show.

NICOLE
Yeah, okay. Cool.

But Nicole's thinking "there's no way in hell" and Evan can
probably see it in her eyes.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - AFTERNOON

The sun is starting to set as the Civic pulls up and parks.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - EVENING

Chris and Nicole unpack boxes. The light of the setting sun shines through the big window, turns the whole loft golden red.

They both look up when they hear a KNOCK on the door.

Chris walks over, yanks the door open. JILLIAN stands there with her hands behind her back.

JILLIAN

Hey guys. I don't know if you're too busy or not, but...

Jillian brings her hands out from behind her back, holding a DVD case like it's the best surprise ever:

JILLIAN (cont'd)

I got the Goonies.

NICOLE

What's that?

Only a momentary flash of disappointment on Jillian's face.

JILLIAN

Oh my gosh. You guys have never seen the Goonies?

Chris and Nicole both shake their heads. Jillian nods toward her loft.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Oh, you are in for a treat. Come on up. I have a huge plasma screen TV. It's just like going to the movies.

Nicole blows her bangs out of her face and dusts her hands off on her jeans.

NICOLE

Why not. I think I've enough unpacking for one night.

They both look up at Chris expectantly.

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CHRIS

Actually, I think I'm gonna head
down to the beach for a bit.

JILLIAN

The beach? Now? It's almost dark.

CHRIS

Helps me clear my head. I'll see
you guys later.

Chris grabs the car keys and heads out the door, past
Jillian.

JILLIAN

Okay. Well... take a jacket. It'll
be cold down there.

CHRIS

Got one in the car.

After Chris is gone, Jillian turns a questioning look back at
Nicole. Nicole shrugs.

NICOLE

Don't worry. It's normal. Normal
for him anyway.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, BEACH - NIGHT

A quarter moon shines down on DEVIL'S REEF (WHYTECLIFF).
CHRIS sits on the sand and LISTENS to the WAVES crashing in
the distance.

From the THUNDEROUS CRACK of the surf, we can tell that the
waves at this place are monsters.

Chris reaches down and grabs a handful of sand, lets it run
through his fingers, lost in thought.

He looks up when he hears WHISPERING VOICES and LAUGHTER
approaching from the water.

A moment later, four SURFERS come up the beach, carrying
boards under their arms, wearing their wetsuits peeled down
to their waists -- they are the guys from the opening scene:
SHANE, KYLE, ERIK and JON.

The surfers go quiet as they see Chris, and start to walk
past without acknowledging him. Chris watches them pass and
locks on Shane.

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Shane turns his head away, like he's looking at something in the opposite direction, but ERIK doesn't like Chris's scrutiny. He slows up.

ERIK

You got a problem, bro?

CHRIS

No. Do you?

Erik chucks his board aside and starts to head toward Chris. Chris doesn't brace or move a muscle, just stays seated, calm as a cobra.

Shane clamps his hand on Erik's shoulder.

SHANE

Relax, Erik. Don't you know who that is?

ERIK

Yeah. Some idiot who's about to get his ass beat.

SHANE

Unless I'm wrong, that's Chris Emerson. Came in second in the NSSA Nationals a couple years ago.

Chris looks down, silently acknowledging.

JON

Oh yeah. That's right, I remember. I've seen you surf, bru. Let's just say I was underwhelmed.

Jon and Chris glare at each other, Shane intercedes.

SHANE

What happened to you anyway? You just disappeared right when it was all starting to happen for you.

Now Chris looks directly at Shane.

CHRIS

I could ask you the same thing.

Shane smiles, walks over and offers a hand to Chris.

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SHANE

You could. But I think our answers
would be pretty different.

Chris reaches up and takes Shane's hand, allows Shane to pull
him to his feet.

SHANE (cont'd)

I'm Shane. But you knew that.

CHRIS

Grew up watching you surf, man. You
were the reason I started.

(they shake)

I didn't know you were still in
California.

SHANE

For now. But more people find out
about this place every day. We
might not be here for much longer.
You should hit the Reef with us one
of these nights.

Chris chuckles.

CHRIS

I was gonna say... looks like you
guys are just coming in.

Shane gives him a quizzical look.

SHANE

Why's that funny?

CHRIS

Not funny, just... there's no moon.
I mean, I can barely see the
whitewash out there.

SHANE

This is the only time I can paddle
out without a bunch of kooks and
spongers all over my ass.

Chris nods, sensing a kindred spirit.

Shane flashes an enigmatic smile before picking up his board
and heading for the parking lot.

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SHANE (cont'd)

Besides, if you're in tune with
Mother Ocean... you don't need to
see.

Chris can't decide whether he's joking or not.

CHRIS

Right.

The rest of Shane's crew fall in behind him. A few steps
away, Shane stops, turns back to Chris.

SHANE

I'm having a surf sacrifice
tomorrow night up at my place. The
Van Etten house. Ask anybody where
it is. You should come by.

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Yeah, alright.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Nicole is crashed out on the futon, sleeping soundly. The
front door opens and Chris comes in. He sees the situation
and sighs.

Chris scouts through the boxes and finds the one he was
looking for. He pulls it open and finds a Mexican blanket and
a throw pillow.

He tosses the blanket down on the ground and sits. Nicole
stirs, adjusts herself in bed. Chris watches her sleep, lets
out a final, resolved sigh and lies down.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - MORNING

The sound of industrial work wakes Chris. He stirs, looks up
and sees Nicole sitting on the futon, drinking coffee.

CHRIS

What, no huevos rancheros?

NICOLE

No fridge. No stove. This place has
serious issues. Luckily there was a
plug for the coffee maker.

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Chris looks over and sees that Nicole has made a pot of coffee. The coffee maker sits on top of an unpacked box.

CHRIS

Thank god for small miracles.

He heads over, finds a mug and pours himself a cup.

NICOLE

You got home late.

Chris rubs sleep out of his eyes.

CHRIS

I ran into Shane Reynolds down at Devil's Reef.

This gets Nicole's attention.

NICOLE

Really?

Chris nods, sips coffee.

CHRIS

Yeah. He invited me to a surf sacrifice at his house tonight.

NICOLE

Can I go?

He looks over at her.

CHRIS

I don't know. I don't think that's such a great idea.

NICOLE

Why not?

CHRIS

Because I don't really know these guys... the rest of Shane's crew. Something about them felt a little bit off to me.

NICOLE

So what am I supposed to do? Hang out and watch more 80s movies with Jillian? Just kill me now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris doesn't have an answer for her. He sets his coffee cup down and picks up the car keys.

CHRIS

We can talk about it later. I gotta go see this shaper about a board.

Nicole shrugs. She pulls out her cell phone and starts scrolling through the address book.

NICOLE

That's cool. Don't worry about it.

On his way to the door, Chris gives her a sideways glance.

NICOLE (cont'd)

I met this cute emo guy in the record store. Without you hanging over my shoulder, I might actually be able to go out on a date.

Chris looks at her, then sighs.

CHRIS

We're leaving around nine.

He heads out the door.

As soon as he's clear, Nicole allows herself a small, victorious smile and takes another sip of coffee.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING

Chris drives the Civic down a rural road, past a RUSTY and DENTED mailbox that reads "FROG" in hardware store stick-on letters.

EXT. FROG HOUSE - DAY

The FROG HOUSE: A rotting wooden ranch house that probably should have been torn down years ago, patched together with plywood and aluminum siding.

There's a weird, garage-like structure off to the side of the house. The door is cracked open, and a HIGH PITCHED WHINING sound is coming from within the SHAPING SHED.

EXT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - CONTINUOUS

Chris arrives at the door of the shed and notices that there are several CRUCIFIXES hung around the door frame. Chris peers through the open door and sees:

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CONTINUED:

A surfboard SHAPER, his face totally obscured by a chambered DUST MASK and a pair of WAYFARERS, uses a planer on a foam blank.

The shaper doesn't hear Chris approach over the WHINE of the planer. Chris reaches up and RAPS on the open door and--

The shaper's head jerks up abruptly.

He turns off the planer and regards Chris in silence for a moment.

The shaper removes his mask and pushes the glasses on top of his head. All true Lost Boys fans will immediately recognize him as... EDDY FROG.

EDDY

Nobody invited you.

CHRIS

Yeah... I didn't know I needed an invitation to buy a surfboard.

Eddy surreptitiously reaches below the surfboard shaping table and grabs a SQUIRT BOTTLE.

EDDY

Touch one of those crosses around the door.

CHRIS

What?

EDDY

If you really want a board, touch one of the crosses. Do it now.

Chris smirks, touches one of the crosses hanging around the door and--

EDDY (cont'd)

Ha!

EDDY moves lightning quick to the doorway and shoots Chris in the face with the squirt bottle.

Chris flinches back and wipes water from his face. He takes a step away from the shed, turning toward his car.

CHRIS

Hey, man... I don't know what your deal is, but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eddy darts a hand out and grabs Chris by the shirt. He leans in and looks at Chris, inspecting the water dripping down Chris's face.

EDDY

Come on in.

INT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - DAY

Chris steps into the shed, still a little thrown by getting squirted with water.

EDDY

I'm Eddy.

CHRIS

Chris.

They shake. Chris notes with some interest that there are numerous SUN LAMPS around the shed.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Are those sun lamps?

EDDY

They are. Spending too much time indoors without adequate sunlight is harmful to the body and the mind. They've done studies.

Eddy goes back to his shaping table.

EDDY (cont'd)

So, Chris, what can I do you for?

CHRIS

I need a board. Heard this was the place to go.

EDDY

You heard right, my friend.

Eddy gestures around the small space, which is packed with SURFBOARDS of all shapes and sizes. In some places, the boards are stacked three and four deep.

EDDY (cont'd)

Help yourself.

Chris starts to poke through the boards. Eddy pulls his mask back over his mouth and fires up the planer. They talk between whining bursts.

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EDDY (cont'd)
Hope you'll forgive the unorthodox
greeting. I'm generally a little
suspicious of newcomers. You are
new to the area, aren't you?

CHRIS
Yeah. Just drove up from San Diego.

After digging through the boards, Chris pulls out one board
in particular -- a big wave GUN.

CHRIS (cont'd)
This one looks pretty solid. How
much do you want for it?

Eddy looks up from the blank.

EDDY
That's a very serious board, man.

He sets the planer down, walks over and takes the board from
Chris.

EDDY (cont'd)
If I don't know better, I'd say you
were thinking of surfing Devil's
Reef.

Chris practically rolls his eyes.

CHRIS
I know. I heard. It's a heavy
break.

EDDY
It's more than a heavy break,
buddy. There are a lot of guys who
paddle out there that never paddle
back in.
(beat)
Let me show you something.

Eddy watches Chris, then walks over and opens a CLOSET,
revealing a dozen BROKEN SURFBOARDS. Mostly shrapnel.

EDDY (cont'd)
These are just the ones that I've
recovered. There are a lot more
still unaccounted for. The boards
wash in. The bodies don't.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

What, these guys drowned out there?

EDDY

Some drown, supposedly. Others are the victims of shark attacks. Supposedly.

CHRIS

What do you mean "supposedly"?

EDDY

I mean it's something else.

CHRIS

Like what, alien abductio--

EDDY

Shh! Don't even say it.

Chris nods, but has to try really hard to keep from smiling.

CHRIS

Okay. Well, thanks for the warning. Now, about this board...

EDDY

Not for sale. These are just templates, so you I can get an idea of what you're looking for. All our boards are custom made.

Eddy closes the broken board closet, walks over and takes the gun from Chris.

EDDY (cont'd)

I should be able to knock this out, get it glassed and sanded by this evening. Where are you staying?

CHRIS

In this industrial loft, just under the bridge. Unit 3.

EDDY

Is that one of Jillian's lofts?

CHRIS

Yeah. You know her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EDDY

I do. I'll drop your board by there
when it's done. One more thing...

Eddy gives Chris a cautious look.

EDDY (cont'd)

All Frog Brothers boards come with
some free advice, pal. Trinidad is
a dangerous place. Don't invite any
strangers into your house and don't
drink out of any open bottles.

Chris only has a moment to puzzle over this cryptic warning--

EDDY (cont'd)

Alright. I better get back to it.

-- Eddy fires up the planer again, ending the conversation.

EXT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Chris reverses the Civic back down the driveway. As he hits
the main road, Eddy steps into the doorway, watching him
carefully.

PRELAP: the BASS-POUNDING DANCE REMIX of "Cry Little Sister",
as laid down by Gerard McMann.

The sun sets and we DISSOLVE TO:

A bright harvest MOON shines down on--

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BEACH - NIGHT

A WHITE HOT BIKINI BLONDE grooving in the sand, silhouetted
by a raging FIRE. Behind her, old waterlogged SURFBOARDS have
been set into PYRES and set aflame on the beach.

CAMERA moves past the bikini blonde (don't worry, you'll see
her again later) and through the FLAMES of the surfboard
pyres toward--

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The beach house is filled with nearly naked, pierced,
tattooed bodies that spill out onto the lawn and the private
beach.

Off to the side, there's a METAL HALF-PIPE where a SKATER
tries to pull a sick air and loses his board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BOARD sails off the lip of the pipe and SMASHES through a window. Everyone cheers.

Near the pipe, A DJ is set up, spinning that G Tom Mac groove.

And coming down the driveway, we see--

CHRIS and NICOLE arrive in the middle of this all-out bender, both stunned into momentary silence.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Alcohol flows. Flesh as far as the eye can see. Bodies bump in unison to the bass-pounding soundtrack.

NICOLE moves through the party like an ambulance driver. CHRIS does his best to keep up as they pass--

-- A pair of latex-clad girls grinding up on KYLE. He sees Chris and gives him a brief nod. Kyle's look lingers on Nicole and he flashes a lascivious grin.

Nicole starts to smile back, but Chris hurries her along. They wind their way through the throng, deeper into the party.

-- JON sits up, like he was looking at something on the top of a coffee table, really closely. He rubs his nostril and offers a rolled up dollar bill to Chris.

CHRIS hustles Nicole back out through the sliding door.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris pulls Nicole away from the crowd, off to the side.

CHRIS

Okay, I was right. This was a bad idea.

NICOLE

What are you talking about? We just got here.

CHRIS

I'm getting a bad vibe.

Nicole puts a hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Chris. I totally get what you're trying to do, but I'm not a kid anymore.

CHRIS

You're still my responsibility.

NICOLE

I get that. But if you really want to take care of me, the best thing you can do is take care of yourself.

Chris looks past Nicole, back up the driveway, wanting to get out of here.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Will you do me a favor?

CHRIS

Depends on what it is.

NICOLE

It's real simple. Just relax. For one night. Go have a good time. You're at a party being thrown by the guy who got you into surfing...

Nicole looks over Chris's shoulder.

NICOLE (cont'd)

And you're getting all kinds of love from the blonde outside.

Chris turns and follows her gaze.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH

The beach... where LISA, the white-hot blonde, is doing her sand groove in front of the flaming pyres.

She looks right at CHRIS and gives him a sultry smile.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE

Chris turns back to Nicole, hesitant.

NICOLE

Go. Please. I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole gets behind him and starts shoving him toward the beach, playfully but with force.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Go.

With one final look back, Chris lets Nicole to push him out onto the sand. Then, he's locked on LISA, and Nicole is forgotten.

As he walks toward the flaming pyres, Nicole looks around uncomfortably. There are a lot of creepy guy eyes on her. She steps back through the sliding door into the beach house.

INT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nicole threads her way through the crowd, her passage noted by most of the guys in the room. Then--

Suddenly, A BRAWL breaks out. Two SURF PUNKS go at it. One of the guys has thick gauge piercings in his ears. The other guy grabs one of the earrings and rips it out.

The two brawlers knock into some DUDE who has three full cups of beer. Nicole gets her hands up, trying to shield herself... gets hit with the beer anyway.

Nicole steps back, trying to get away, bumps into--

SHANE. He rushes past her, grabs the two guys and pulls them apart. They both wince in pain as Shane muscles them out the door. Nicole watches in silence.

As soon as Shane throws the guys out, there's spontaneous applause around the room. Shane doesn't pay attention, walks right up to Nicole.

SHANE

Sorry about that. Every party has a couple of those guys.

NICOLE

I think if there's only a couple you're getting off easy. But I'm kinda used to it.

SHANE

Really? How's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

My older brother used to get into a lot of scraps. I think you met him last night... Chris?

SHANE

Oh yeah. Sure.

Shane holds out his hand.

SHANE (cont'd)

I'm Shane.

She takes it.

NICOLE

Nicole.

He flashes her a charming smile, leans in and kisses the back of her hand. So old school, and in other circumstances it might come off as yellow bus... but Shane sells it.

...and Nicole's heart skips a beat.

SHANE

Well, Nicole... Come with me. Let's see if we can't scrounge up something dry for you to wear.

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BEACH - NIGHT

As the song changes to a slower groove, LISA looks over and locks eyes with Chris. Her whole seduction plays out in silence as...

Lisa flips her hair off her neck, turns and starts heading toward the ocean. Chris smiles and follows her down to--

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

The surfline. Far from the surfboard pyres, the only light here is from the waning moon.

LISA is not much more than a SILHOUETTE, a darker outline against a dark sky, as she pulls off her bikini top and drops it on the sand.

She kicks free of her sarong and skips toward the water. She tosses a look back over her shoulder. First words out of her mouth are:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

You coming?

Chris grins, yanks his shirt off...

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BALCONY - NIGHT

On the balcony. The sounds of the party are still audible from below, but the view is dominated by the stars and the darkened ocean.

Nicole leans on the railing, wearing one of Shane's Quiksilver sweatshirts. Shane is next to her.

SHANE

So, do you and your brother get along?

NICOLE

Most times, yeah. Kinda have to, it's pretty much just us. We lost our parents in a car accident.

Shane nods slowly.

SHANE

I'm sorry.

NICOLE

It's okay. It was a while ago. And it's getting easier. One day at a time, you know? But the worst part is that I lost Chris that night too. Or at least a part of him.

Nicole's look goes faraway. This is probably the first time she's spoken about this with anyone.

NICOLE (cont'd)

I guess he felt like he needed to step up and be the adult. Which was fine for a little while, but he was too young. Younger than I am now. The guess the stress of it just got to him eventually, made him snap.

Shane watches her.

SHANE

You mean with what happened at Mavericks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

He was on such a short fuse. That guy just pushed the right button and Chris lost it.

Nicole takes a beat before going on, trying to keep from crying.

NICOLE (cont'd)

That was when everything started unravelling. He got kicked off the circuit, lost all his sponsors. And we started running out of money. Which is what sent us up here.

SHANE

Your brother's a good man. He just got a tough break. You both did.

Shane reaches over and touches the back of her hand, holds it.

SHANE (cont'd)

But you can always turn tragedy to your advantage.

Nicole looks over at him, tears starting to well in her eyes. He watches her in silence for a beat. Then...

SHANE (cont'd)

For example...

With a quick flick of his wrist, Shane produces a fragile WITHERED BROWN stalk in his hand.

SHANE (cont'd)

This rose. You'd say it was dead, right?

Nicole, thankful for the levity, laughs slightly.

NICOLE

Uh, yeah. That is definitely an ex-rose.

SHANE

Yes, it is. Well, let's try a little experiment. I want you to take this ex-rose in your hand.

Shane places it in her hand and closes her fingers over it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He reaches over to a deck table where an ANTIQUE BOTTLE of wine sits next to a linen napkin. He snags up the napkin and drapes it over Nicole's hand.

SHANE (cont'd)

Now, let me ask you something. Do you believe that it's possible for you to change reality through sheer force of will?

Nicole nods, along for the ride.

NICOLE

Yeah, sure. I guess so.

SHANE

Guess so?

NICOLE

No, yeah, I do.

SHANE

Okay. Then concentrate on that rose in your hand. Try to visualize what it must have looked like when it was alive and vital. Imagine the color. Bright red. Deep crimson.

Shane puts his hand over hers, then looks her directly in the eyes.

SHANE (cont'd)

Do you feel anything?

Nicole looks at him. Invisible sparks dance between them.

NICOLE

Yeah.

Shane pulls the napkin away.

SHANE

Open your hand.

Nicole slowly turns her hand over and opens it. Lying in her palm...

A perfectly formed, dew-covered RED ROSE.

NICOLE

Oh my god, that's insane! How did you do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Shane flashes that enigmatic smile.

SHANE

It's magic. And we did it...
Together.

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BEACH - NIGHT

While below, back on the beach... CHRIS and LISA have made their way out of the water and are going at it hot and heavy in a full-on sand grind.

Lisa undulates beneath Chris's weight, nibbles on his ear lobe, his neck.

Suddenly, Chris stops, looks back toward the beach house.

LISA

What is it? What's wrong?

Chris comes to his senses.

CHRIS

Nothing.

He leans down, kisses her again and gets back into it.

EXT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, BALCONY - NIGHT

Shane reaches over and lifts the ANTIQUE WINE BOTTLE off the deck table. Nicole gives a small shake of her head.

NICOLE

I shouldn't. I'm not a big drinker.

SHANE

Historically, the sharing of wine
is one of the most sacred and
intimate of human rituals. There is
an old Italian saying... Wine is
life.

There's an almost unbearable intensity in Shane's eyes.
Nicole tries to lighten the mood--

NICOLE

Yeah... but I'm not Italian.

Shane remains intense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

And Catholics believe that, during Mass, wine *literally* becomes the blood of Christ. Not a ritualistic symbol... but the actual blood of their savior.

NICOLE

Those wacky Catholics...

Nicole is clearly uncomfortable. Shane nods and sets the bottle aside.

SHANE

I don't want to force you into anything.

NICOLE

No, I don't feel like you're forcing me... I just...

She looks at Shane, and he smiles. Her fears evaporate and she nods.

Shane picks the bottle up, pulls the stopper. He takes a drink first. Closes his eyes. Savors it.

Then, Shane hands the bottle to Nicole. She takes the bottle, looks into his eyes.

And she drinks.

Shane watches her in silence for a moment. She lets it sit on her tongue. She swallows, looks at him with a dreamy expression.

He takes her by the hand.

SHANE

Come on. I want to show you something.

INT. VAN ETEN RESIDENCE, GARAGE - NIGHT

Shane leads Nicole into the garage, flicks on the lights. There are a couple high end cars, but the place of honor is reserved for a DUCATI MONSTER S2R DARK.

SHANE

It's a Ducati Monster. Have you ever seen one before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole shakes her head.

NICOLE
It looks like an animal. Like it's
alive.

Shane hits the garage opener and the door starts to slide open.

SHANE
Want to go for a ride?

NICOLE
I don't know, I'm feeling kinda
woozy.

SHANE
The cold night air will help.

Shane walks over and picks up a pair of helmets. He hands her one along with a pair of goggles.

SHANE (cont'd)
Just put your arms around me and
hold on tight.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH - NIGHT

Lisa wraps her legs around Chris, pulls him closer. His head is buried in her neck, so he can't see that--

Lisa's EYES have turned a FERAL YELLOW and her mouth is filled with gleaming white FANGS.

Chris keeps nuzzling her, his hands roam her body...

Lisa opens her mouth, her eyes go to Chris's jugular vein. She pulls him in a little closer. Chris has no idea what's in store when--

A SCREAM from far off. Could be someone at the party, just screwing around... or it could be something else.

Chris opens his eyes and pulls away from Lisa. He looks toward the party, giving Lisa enough time to revert back to human form. She looks at him.

LISA
What is it?

Lisa tries to hold on to him, but Chris is already rolling off her and pulling his jeans on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I'm sorry... I gotta go check on my sister.

She looks at him, incredulous.

LISA

Are you fucking serious?

Chris stares right back at her.

CHRIS

Yeah, I am. She's important to me.
Sorry if you can't understand that.

He starts to get to his feet, Lisa starts getting dressed.

LISA

No, I understand. I'll come with you.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

Shane and Nicole BLAST around a turn doing 90. He's a hell of a rider: takes corners like a pro, leaning the bike over, dragging his knee, and dogging out the straightaways.

The wine is starting to take effect on Nicole, causing the road to WARP and TWIST before her eyes... but it's not horrifying or disorienting. It's strangely beautiful.

Shane slows the bike and pulls over.

EXT. WINDING ROAD, TURNOUT - NIGHT

Shane turns back to look at Nicole.

SHANE

How was that?

Nicole just smiles huge.

NICOLE

Amazing.

There's a moment, they just look at each other. Then Shane leans in close and KISSES HER.

And Nicole kisses him back, gently at first, and then with real intensity.

Shane pulls away and looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE
Ready for some more?

Nicole nods.

Shane drops it in gear, revs the throttle, spits out the clutch and the bike leaps forward like a ROCKET.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

If they were going fast before, this is just flat out INSANE.

NICOLE'S POV

We rock from SIDE TO SIDE as Shane carves the bike through the twisty "S" curves.

NICOLE tightens her hold on him and LAUGHS into the wind.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS and LISA step through the slider. The party is still raging, but Shane is noticeably absent. Chris heads directly to where JON sits, making out with some random girl. He pulls the girl off Jon.

CHRIS
Where's my sister?

JON
You need to relax, bru.

CHRIS
Where is she?

Jon gets to his feet and steps right into Chris's face.

JON
Last time I saw her, she was riding
Shane's Monster... and loving every
minute of it.

The comment hits Chris right where Jon meant it to. Chris clenches his fist, is about to swing when--

ERIK shows up, puts a hand on Chris's shoulder, calming him.

ERIK
They went for a ride, man. On
Shane's Ducati.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Chris paces in the driveway. Lisa stands with her arms crossed over her chest, trying to talk him down.

LISA

Chris, I understand your concern,
but she's practically an adult.
It's a very natural thing for a
young woman to want to spread her
wings.

But Chris isn't listening to her. His eyes scan the darkened road. And then...

A HEADLIGHT appears in the distance... getting closer. Lisa comes over and touches Chris's elbow.

LISA (cont'd)

Seriously... If you make a big
thing out of this, it will only
make her rebel even more.

And now the MONSTER comes into view with Shane and Nicole on it. Shane pulls into the driveway and Chris moves forward to meet them.

Nicole pulls off her helmet first. She has a dreamy, faraway look on her face.

CHRIS

Get off the bike, let's go.

NICOLE

Knock it off, Chris. I'm not a kid.

But, despite her words, Nicole climbs off the back of the bike.

CHRIS

Then quit acting like one.

Now Shane takes off his helmet and looks at Chris. He pushes the bike back onto the kickstand, flashes a cocky smile and climbs off.

SHANE

Hey, partner. Is there a prob--

KRACK! Chris punches Shane square in the nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Chris!

Shane's head snaps back from the impact, but he doesn't go down. He just stands there, letting blood run down his face... into his mouth.

Nicole rushes in and pushes Chris back.

NICOLE (cont'd)

You asshole!

Chris holds his ground, stares right at Shane.

CHRIS

Stay the hell away from my sister.

Shane, still letting the blood drip freely down his face, flashes a nasty, crimson-rimmed smile as Chris grabs his sister's arm and leads her away.

INT. CIVIC - NIGHT

Chris drives, jaw clenched, barely containing his anger. He's angry at Nicole, but even more angry at himself.

NICOLE

Nice. That was really great. Once again, your stupid temper has totally ruined everything.

CHRIS

You should have told me where you were going.

NICOLE

Stop trying to be dad!

Suddenly, Nicole pitches forward and grabs her stomach.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Oh my god. I think I'm gonna... Something is... something's wrong with me.

CHRIS

You're just drunk.

Chris hits the wheel in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont'd)
I knew this was a bad idea. I
shouldn't have left you alone.

Nicole rips off her seat belt, pitches forward and grabs her stomach in pain.

NICOLE
Oh god. Oh my god. I'm gonna...

Suddenly, Nicole VOMITS all over herself, all over the seat, all over the floor.

Chris looks over, taking his eyes off the road momentarily. From where he's sitting, it looks like Nicole just retched up a stomach full of RED WINE.

CHRIS
Oh, that's just grea--

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

WH-BAM!

The car crashes into a tree and NICOLE gets LAUNCHED THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

INT. CIVIC - CONTINUOUS

CRACK! Chris jerks forward against the seatbelt and recoils back into the seat. He looks over at the passenger seat... then at the broken windshield.

CHRIS
No. No no no.

Chris tears at his seat belt, ripping it free and lurching out of the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS runs to where NICOLE lies in the dirt, her twisted body looking like a discarded rag doll.

CHRIS
Nicole? Nicole!

He collapses to his knees by her side, afraid to touch her.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Oh god. Oh god, please. No. Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris leans in, watching her back for the rise and fall of air exchange... listening for her breath...

CHRIS (cont'd)
Please... plea--

NICOLE bolts upright into a sitting position and SCREAMS bloody murder! Her eyes are wide and staring.

Chris cries out in surprise, and reflexively jerks away. Then he eases back in and puts a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Okay, wait. Don't move. Just...
just stay still.

Nicole is bleeding from several cuts, but doesn't seem to be in any pain. Now her eyes focus and she looks right at Chris.

NICOLE
I told you.

She picks a piece of windshield glass out of her hair, looks at Chris with creepy, vacant eyes and says:

NICOLE (cont'd)
Something's wrong with me.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

The WIND has come up, and it's blowing over the river and through the girders of the bridge, filling the air with weird WHISPERS and SUSURRATIONS.

Lisa's BMW pulls up. Lisa gets out of the driver's side and Chris gets out of the back.

He goes around to the passenger side, reaches in and starts to lift a sleeping Nicole out of the seat.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Keys rattle, Lisa opens the door for Chris and steps back. Chris carries Nicole into the loft and sets her carefully on the futon.

Nicole shifts in her sleep, breathing heavily. Chris watches her for a moment, then walks over to the door, where Lisa is waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Do you mind sticking around for a little while, in case we need to go to the hospital?

LISA

I don't mind at all. But doctors aren't going to be able to do anything for her.

Lisa walks over to the futon. She kneels, reaches over and lifts Nicole's upper lip.

LISA (cont'd)

She's going through the change.

Chris stares. He stifles a laugh.

CHRIS

Um. Puberty? I think she got that already.

LISA

Not puberty. Something much more profound.

Lisa stands and starts walking toward him.

LISA (cont'd)

Like a chrysalis that becomes a butterfly. She's becoming something new. She's evolving...

Chris takes a step back, there's something kinda creepy about the way Lisa is looking at him.

LISA (cont'd)

Into one of us.

And LISA smiles, her FANGS growing so large that they actually cause the corners of her mouth to tear. Her eyes turn YELLOW.

CHRIS

What the--

Chris takes a couple quick steps back--

He finds the first thing that comes to hand, a LAMP, and brandishes it in her face, trying to ward her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (cont'd)
Get the hell out of here!

Lisa reaches out a hand and beckons to him.

LISA
Come. Give yourself to the change.
It's so much easier if you don't
fight.

Chris looks into her eyes, and now the fangs are gone...
there's something hypnotic in her gaze.

Despite himself, Chris starts to lower the lamp.

LISA (cont'd)
That's better. Now... come, let us
embra--

SPLUTCH!

A razor-sharp, GLEAMING METAL POINT explodes from between
Lisa's breasts and black vampire BLOOD spurts from the wound
into Chris's face--

LISA starts jerking and twitching, HISSING while she tries to
pulls the stake out of her back. She spins around the room,
careening off the walls--

Her chest IGNITES. BLUE FLAMES spew from the wound, rapidly
growing, consuming her whole body as if she were drenched in
gasoline. And still she careens off the walls--

Lisa lets out a final, horrible SCREECHING WAIL as the flames
erupt and swallow her completely--

She explodes in a blue FIREBALL, spraying SPARKS and ASH. A
layer of ash settles on Chris. Some of it gets in his mouth.
He spits out a mouthful and looks up to see:

EDDY FROG, standing there with a gleaming metal stake,
looking remarkably cool and calm. Eddy gestures back toward
the door with his gore-stained stake.

A brand new FROG BROTHERS gun leans against the wall.

EDDY
Brought your board.

Chris collapses back to the floor, gasping for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Eddy walks over to the futon. He bends, looks at Nicole the same way that Lisa did, lifting her lip, checking for fangs.

He sees her canine teeth, and a look of regret and sadness crosses his face. He looks back at Chris, who's getting to his feet.

Eddy makes a decision. He stands, pulls his arm free of one of the straps of his Oakley backpack. He jams the STAKE into a SHEATH sewn on the side and unzips the pack.

He pulls a bottle out of the pack, zips it closed and heads for the door. As he passes Chris, he tosses him the bottle. Chris catches the bottle and stares at it.

EDDY (cont'd)

Odorless garlic capsules. Take two every hour.

And then Eddy yanks the door open and disappears into the night.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Eddy walks briskly toward his battered up Ford F250. The front door of the loft opens and Chris barrels out after him.

Eddy opens the driver's side door, tosses his backpack in just as--

CHRIS

Wait a minute.

Chris arrives, grabs Eddy by the arm and shoves him up against the truck.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Hold up, man. You don't just show up at my house in the middle of the night, stab some chick through the heart and then leave.

EDDY

What do you want from me, pal?

CHRIS

I want some answers. I want to know what the hell is going on. What's happening to my sister?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDY

I'm letting her live. Even though I know I'll probably regret it. I know what it's like to have a family member get infected.

CHRIS

Infected? What do you mean?

Eddy stares at Chris for a beat, then stares down at where Chris is holding him by the jacket.

Chris releases him. Eddy straightens up, smooths his jacket. Then...

EDDY

She's one of the undead, buddy. A vampire. A suck monkey. A night crawler. Nosferatu.

CHRIS

That's not possible. There's no such thing as vampires.

Eddy turns toward the car.

EDDY

You're right. I guess you're used to your girlfriends growing fangs and turning into fireballs.

(beat)

Just make sure you keep your sister out of the direct sunlight.

Chris grabs him, pulls him out of the cab, and slams him against the truck again.

EDDY (cont'd)

Hey, man. Can't we just talk like normal people?

Chris nods, lets go of Eddy, but stays right in his face.

CHRIS

How. How could this happen?

EDDY

One of two ways. Either she was bit by a vampire, or she drank the blood of the head vampire. I didn't see any bite marks, so it must be the latter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This brings back a memory. Chris starts to realize...

CHRIS

You told me the first time we met
not to drink out of any open
bottles.

Eddy nods.

CHRIS (cont'd)

How the hell do you know so much
about vampires?

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - MORNING

Chris and Eddy have cleared a spot on the floor. Nicole still
sleeps soundly on the futon. Eddy rips open his backpack and
dumps the contents...

Surf wax, more garlic pills, a silver crucifix, a vial of
Holy Water, a Cohiba and a couple of COMIC BOOKS in mylar
sleeves: *Destroy all Vampires* and *Vampires Everywhere*.

Chris sits on the floor, picks up one of the comics and slips
it free of its protective plastic sleeve.

CHRIS

Comic books? I ask you for answers
and you give me comic books?

Eddy fishes out the Cohiba and lights it. Between puffs:

EDDY

A lot of valuable information in
comic books, brother. More than
most people think. For example...

Eddy reaches over and takes the comic from Chris. He flips to
a specific page and hands it back. Chris looks at--

THE COMIC PAGE

Which shows a series of panels that track a VAMPIRE
INFECTION. Moving from panel to panel, we see:

-- A YOUNG MAN (who might look a lot like Jason Patric)
drinking from an ANTIQUE WINE BOTTLE.

-- Same young man is now looking intoxicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- A blonde-haired VAMPIRE (who might look like Keifer Sutherland) has a dialog balloon that says "You're one of us now, Michael"

-- A bunch of VAMPIRES are camped out in a TREE, watching some SURF PUNKS as they mosh around a bon fire.

-- The VAMPIRES attack as the YOUNG MAN (Michael/Jason Patric) watches in horror.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddy takes a puff of cigar and points to one of the panels.

EDDY (cont'd)

See there? This poor sap is drinking the blood of the head vampire. They like to put the blood in a wine bottle. To trick people into drinking it.

CHRIS

Okay, so you're telling me that, based on this comic book... my sister drank blood, and now she's a vampire.

EDDY

Half. She's only a half-vampire. She won't make the transition to full bloodsucker until she feeds.

Chris closes the comic and chucks it.

CHRIS

Great.

Eddy picks up the comic and slips it back into the sleeve.

EDDY

That is great, actually. It means there's still time to save her immortal soul. You just have to kill the head vampire before she gives in to her thirst.

CHRIS

So, who's the head vampire?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDY

There are hundreds of them. You've got to help me narrow it down. Who could have given her blood?

Chris looks up as he puts it all together.

CHRIS

Shane. It's Shane Reynolds.

EDDY

The surfer?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Nicole said he gave her some wine earlier tonight, out of an old bottle. And when I met him, he was getting out of the water after a night surf.

EDDY

What was your sister doing with this suck monkey in the first place?

CHRIS

We were both at his house earlier tonight. At a party.

A glimmer in Eddy's eyes.

EDDY

Mmm. Good.

Eddy starts packing up his gear.

EDDY (cont'd)

Then you can lead me right to the nest.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

Chris follows Eddy out of the loft.

CHRIS

What about my sister?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDY

If we hurry, we can stake Shane and
free her from the curse before she
even knows what happened.

Eddy opens the driver's side door and climbs in. He pops the
lock on the passenger side.

EDDY (cont'd)

Get in.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

The detritus of the previous night: half burned surfboards,
beer cans, cups and bottles.

Eddy and Chris climb out of Eddy's truck and start down the
driveway. Eddy has his backpack, the stake secured in its
sheath.

EXT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - DAY

As Chris and Eddy approach the beach house, they see that the
windows reflect back at them. Eddy grabs the sliding glass
door and eases it open.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eddy moves in through the slider with his STAKE in attack
position.

The windows are covered with TIN FOIL, making the place dark
and ominous. The only daylight comes from the open sliding
glass door.

EDDY

Windows covered with tin foil to
block out the sun. This is
definitely the nest.

Eddy reaches into his backpack and pulls out a small headlamp
mounted on elastic. He pulls the straps over his head and
turns the light on.

Chris reaches for the light switch.

CHRIS

Why don't we just turn on the
lights?

Eddy grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDY

Because you might trip an alarm or trigger a booby-trap. Don't touch anything.

And Eddy heads deeper into the house, moving down a hallway that leads deeper into even deeper gloom.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - SAME

Eddy and Chris move down the hallway.

Soon, the only source of light is Eddy's headlamp. It might as well be the middle of the night with the amount of daylight that's in here.

They close in on a DOOR at the far end of the hall. Eddy puts his hand on the doorknob, pauses... then eases the door open.

INT. VAN ETTEN RESIDENCE, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And inside, lie FOUR COFFINS in a row. The COFFIN on the far left is clearly older and more elaborate than the others.

Eddy nods at it and whispers.

Chris silently takes position on one side of Shane's coffin. Eddy takes his stance on the opposite side with his stake at the ready.

EDDY

Like we talked about on the way over. On three.

Chris nods and grabs the handles on the lid of the coffin.

EDDY (cont'd)

One...

Eddy adjusts his grip on the STAKE.

EDDY (cont'd)

Two...

Chris tightens his grip on the HANDLES.

EDDY (cont'd)

Three!

Chris yanks open the lid as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddy screams a terrible BATTLE CRY and lurches forward, driving the stake down into--

A DUMMY:

Made of pillows and a cheap Halloween VAMPIRE costume. A vinyl cape and a really lame latex mask.

And coming from the dummy, an annoying, canned LAUGHTER. There's a hand-made sign taped to the dummy's chest that says: "BOO".

EDDY (cont'd)

Damn it.

CHRIS

They knew we were coming.

EDDY

This was just a trap. A distraction.

Eddy yanks the stake free and shakes his head in disgust.

EDDY (cont'd)

Question is... what were they trying to distract us from?

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DUSK

The sun sets outside the large window, filling the room with purple light.

NICOLE'S YELLOW EYES pop open. She sits up on the futon and glides to the door, moving with inhuman, feline grace.

She gets to the door and cracks it open. She slides out of the loft, into darkening evening.

INT. JILLIAN'S LOFT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

JILLIAN is sitting around the dining room table, playing poker with three WOMEN and four MEN. Take a longer look and you'll see that two of the women are wearing HABITS.

JILLIAN

Raise.

Somebody moans. Chips are thrown.

Nobody notices as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE appears outside the window... looking like some kind of ghastly apparition. Pale, with a ghoulisn smile on her face. A smile ringed with razor-sharp teeth.

Jillian looks up and sees her.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Oh, hi!

Everyone turns to see Nicole as Jillian waves her around to the front door.

EXT. JILLIAN'S LOFT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jillian pulls the door open, and Nicole waits on the threshold.

JILLIAN

Come in, come in!

INT. JILLIAN'S LOFT, MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jillian steps back into the house, and Nicole follows her in.

JILLIAN

We're just in the middle of a little friendly poker game. I stopped by to invite you and your brother, but nobody answered.

Nicole remains silent, following Jillian deeper into the house, her eyes glued on Jillian's neck.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

We do it once every couple weeks. Just me and all the tenants.

INT. JILLIAN'S LOFT, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jillian walks back into the dining room, and Nicole stops short.

JILLIAN

Everyone... this is Nicole. Nicole, these are your neighbors.

Nicole's eyes follow Jillian's finger as she points at the two Nuns.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

Sister Marian and Sister Agnes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now at a man wearing a priest's collar.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Father Boldetti...

A man in a police uniform.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
Officer Saperstein...

That's all Nicole can take. Her eyes narrow and she starts backing out of the room.

NICOLE
I gotta.... um, I forgot to do
something. I'll be right back.

And Nicole practically runs out the front door.

As soon as she's gone, Jillian looks apologetically around the table at her friends.

JILLIAN
I was good friends with her mother.
She died a few years back. Nicole
and her brother have had a tough
time adjusting.

Sister Agnes nods.

SISTER AGNES
We should pray for them.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Nicole rushes back into the loft and slams the door shut. Her eyes dart around the space like a caged animal.

Her eyes land on the crumpled band FLYER with Evan's PHONE NUMBER scrawled on it.

Nicole grabs up the flyer along with her cell phone and punches in his number.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

EVAN drives up in his crappy ASTRO-VAN. He gets out and heads for the front door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

The Bauhaus-like ballad "Tear You Apart" by She Wants Revenge is playing on the CD player.

There's a KNOCK on the front door. From deep in the interior of the loft (she's still hidden in shadow), Nicole answers:

NICOLE

It's open.

The door opens and Evan enters. He takes an appreciative look around...

CANDLES everywhere -- hundreds of them. In fact, candlelight is the only source of illumination in the whole place.

And in the middle of all of it is NICOLE.

The girl has changed. It's subtle, but it's definitely there. Her awkward, introverted posture has been replaced with a raw sexuality and confidence.

She's wearing an outfit that could best be described as Hooch-Core.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Hey. Come on in.

As Evan comes into the loft, Nicole follows him with her eyes. We can see her eerie, yellow eyes glittering in the candlelight.

Nicole heads toward him, and Evan takes her in. The girl looks good. Like inhumanly good.

EVAN

Gotta be honest, I didn't think you really dug me all that much.

She grabs him by the shirt and starts pulling him toward the futon.

NICOLE

Really? What gave you that idea?

EVAN

I don't know. Just a vibe I caught.

Arriving at the futon, Nicole spins him around, places a hand on his chest and pushes him back. Evan collapses on the mattress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

What vibe are you catching now?

Evan looks up at her, mesmerized.

EVAN

A good one.

Nicole smiles, the moonlight glistens on her teeth, and for a moment we notice that her CANINES are unnaturally long. Of course, this escapes Evan completely.

She pounces on Evan and he lets out a quick cry of surprise. She straddles him, kissing him voraciously.

Nicole stops for a moment and moves her mouth down toward his neck. Evan sucks in a quick breath as Nicole rips his shirt over his head and starts unbuttoning his jeans.

She rears back, pulls her own shirt over her head and then reaches behind her to unclasp her bra.

Once free of her bra, Nicole rakes her fingernails down Evan's chest and grinds her pelvis into him, arching her back and closing her eyes in ecstatic anticipation.

Evan smiles, so hyped on this girl. Out of the corner of his eye he sees--

A MIRROR leaning up against a bunch of boxes. The angle should provide a nice alternative angle of the proceedings.

EVAN (cont'd)

Oh hell yeah.

He casually adjusts his body positioning to get a better view. But as he gets a better view of the mirror he sees:

NO NICOLE.

Even just sees himself: lying back on the futon. Evan looks from the mirror to the gorgeous girl straddling him -- then back to the mirror.

His brow creases...

EVAN (cont'd)

What the...

And at that moment, NICOLE (still with her head thrown back) opens her mouth revealing a set of DUAL FANGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her FERAL YELLOW EYES pop open and she prepares to latch on to Evan when--

The front door FLIES OPEN and the lights turn on--

CHRIS

Nicole!

CHRIS comes barrelling in with a large CRUCIFIX held out before him.

EVAN

Oh shit!

Nicole HISSSES, jumps off Evan and retreats into the shadows. Evan isn't even looking at her, he's on his feet, trying to pull his pants up.

EVAN (cont'd)

Um. Hey, man. Listen, we...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

CHRIS yanks the door open and walks EVAN out. Evan's clutching his shirt in one hand and holding his pants up with the other.

EVAN

Dude, I totally didn't know you guys were reborn Christians or whatever...

Chris turns back toward the door, Evan tries to explain:

EVAN (cont'd)

Hey, man... You know, I really like your sister. I'm not just using her or anything. She--

And Chris SLAMS the door on him.

Evan, head bowed, heads toward his Astro-Van. He opens the driver's door and climbs in.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a silhouetted FIGURE watching from the shadows.

REVERSE ANGLE

Reveals that the figure is SHANE. He watches Evan with jealousy and malice, then steps back into the shadows.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

NICOLE is huddled in the corner of the room, arms wrapped around her legs in a protective fetal curl. She looks up as CHRIS comes back in.

She looks at him with terrified, haunted eyes.

NICOLE

What's happening to me, Chris?

Chris pulls up a chair and sits on it, then realizes that he's still holding the crucifix.

He sets the crucifix aside (it's still his sister)... but not too far aside (she's still a vampire).

CHRIS

This is your basic good news, bad news scenario. Which one do you want first?

NICOLE

Bad.

CHRIS

Okay. Bad news is the wine that Shane gave you wasn't wine... It was blood. His blood.

Nicole looks like she's going to be sick.

NICOLE

You've got to be kidding.

CHRIS

And by drinking his blood, you've been turned into a vampire.

Now Nicole's expression goes numb with shock.

NICOLE

The good news better be really fucking good.

CHRIS

Good news is, you're only a half right now. Which means you can still be turned back to human. As long as we kill the Head Vampire before you feed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole scowls.

NICOLE
We? Who's we?

CHRIS
Me and Eddy Frog. He's a vampire slayer.

A beat as Nicole thinks about this.

NICOLE
Let me get this straight. You've teamed up with a vampire hunter so you can kill an ex-pro surfer and save me from eternal damnation... is that about right?

Chris nods.

CHRIS
Yeah. Pretty much.

Nicole nods in response. She seems to be taking this remarkably well--

She SCREAMS at the top of her lungs!

Chris leaps up and rushes over to her. He clamps his hand over her mouth.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Shhh! You want to get Jillian down here?

Nicole stops screaming and Chris takes his hand away from her mouth.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Just calm down.

NICOLE
You calm down! I almost bit that poor guy. Do you have any idea what it's like for me to want to drink blood? Do you know how disgusting that is?

She throws her hands up in frustration.

NICOLE (cont'd)
I'm a vegetarian!

EXT. TRINIDAD, STREET - NIGHT

Evan's ASTRO-VAN is the only car on the road. He pulls up to a red light and stops.

INT. EVAN'S VAN - NIGHT

Evan's mind is a million miles away, which is why he doesn't notice at first when a 1950 MERCURY LEAD SLED with deep tinted windows pulls up next to him.

After a beat, Evan seems to feel eyes on him, watching him from behind the tinted glass.

He turns and looks at the Mercury... and there's something foreboding about the car.

EXT. TRINIDAD, STREET - NIGHT

The light turns green and Evan punches it. The Mercury punches it as well and keeps pace with him. I mean, seriously, Evan's in a Mini-Van. Not much of a challenge.

Evan slows, the Mercury slows. He speeds up, the Mercury speeds up. They approach another red light.

INT. EVAN'S VAN - NIGHT

Evan gives the Mercury a sideways glance, then decides that he needs to get away from it. He hooks a sudden right turn and punches the gas.

He glances in the rearview mirror and sees that he's left the Mercury at the light. As its headlights disappear behind him, Evan lets out a sigh of relief.

WHEN--

The MERCURY reappears right in front of him!

Evan slams on the brakes, barely avoids hitting the car.

He lays on the horn, but the Mercury doesn't move. He unrolls the window a crack and yells out:

EVAN

What the hell is your problem?

But the Mercury just sits there with its engine idling.

EVAN (cont'd)

Come on, idiot! Move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evan honks the horn again, but it's no use. The Mercury isn't going anywhere.

He throws the car in reverse, starts to turn to look through the rear window and--

Stares right into a HISSING MOUTH full of FANGS!

Evan starts to SCREAM, but the sound is cut off--

EXT. EVAN'S VAN - NIGHT

BLOOD SPRAYS across the windows.

Evan's ASTRO-VAN rocks sideways from the violence within.

The horn BLARES out into the empty night.

Slowly, methodically, three SHADOWY figures climb out of the ASTRO-VAN, get back into the Mercury.

The Mercury starts up and pulls away. The HORN on the Astro-Van stops blaring and the van follows the Mercury. Both sets of tail lights disappear into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FROG HOUSE - DAY

To establish. Lisa's BMW is parked out in front of the house next to Eddy's F250.

EDDY (O.S.)

We got dick.

INT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - DAY

EDDY has a MAP of Trinidad spread out on one of the foam blanks, using it as a table. CHRIS paces.

EDDY

This is pointless. There are too many places where the nest could be.

CHRIS

Well, we gotta do something. My sister's climbing the walls.

Eddy looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDY
You mean literally?

CHRIS
No... they can do that?

A grim nod from Eddy.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Okay, well no, she wasn't literally
crawling all over the walls. But
she had some guy over last night
while I was gone and she almost bit
him.

Eddy's head whips up.

EDDY
Did she feed?

CHRIS
No. I said almost. She almost bit
him. I got home in time to stop it.

Chris rakes his hair.

CHRIS (cont'd)
But I don't know how much longer
she can hold out.

EDDY
This is worse than I thought. We
need to keep her contained until we
find the nest.

Eddy starts pushing Chris toward the door.

EDDY (cont'd)
Get back and secure all the windows
with garlic. Keep her under
constant surveillance and wait for
my call.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - DAY

Moving through the VAMPIRE LAIR... the NEST.

We'll find out eventually that the nest is situated in an old
ABANDONED POWER PLANT, but for now all we see are
featureless, grim, concrete walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the daytime, the interior is deserted and silent. We move through the empty building, down into the bowels of the place...

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

As we move deeper into the lair, the sunlight starts to become more and more sparse, the gloom deepening...

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, COFFIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Deep beneath the lair, a ROW of COFFINS. These are the real deal -- much more ornately decorated and clearly more expensive than the ones in the Van Etten decoy.

CAMERA moves in on the CENTER COFFIN -- and then THROUGH THE LID and into the CASKET.

INT. SHANE'S CASKET - CONTINUOUS

SHANE lies in the casket, eyes closed, in a vampire sleep. Then... his EYES suddenly fly open and he whispers...

SHANE

Nicole...

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

In a shot that almost mirrors the shot of Shane in the coffin, NICOLE opens her eyes.

Moving as if sleepwalking, Nicole gets up, walks to the front door and yanks it open...

She CRINGES back from the sunlight with squinted eyes, then spots a pair of SUNGLASSES near the door. Nicole grabs the glasses and puts them on.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

Nicole walks out of the loft, letting the door swing shut behind her.

She slinks away, keeping to the shadows and staying out of the direct sunlight as much as possible.

INT. GROCERY STORE, CHECKOUT STAND - DAY

Chris is at the checkout stand, buying about two dozen ROPES of GARLIC. The checker, PHIL, is an older guy. He gives Chris a wary look as he manually enters each rope individually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL
That's a lot of garlic.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Phil keeps a careful eye on Chris.

PHIL
Whatcha gonna do with all this
garlic?

CHRIS
I'm making pasta. For a party. A
wedding, actually. A big wedding.

A nod from Phil, but clearly he doesn't buy it.

CHRIS (cont'd)
I mean... what else would I use all
that garlic for?

And now Phil looks up with a dire, serious expression.

PHIL
Killing vampires.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Nicole, in a dream-like TRANCE, walks through the woods. She
can hear SHANE whispering her name on the wind...

SHANE (V.O.)
Nicole...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

Chris walks to the front door, carrying two grocery bags full
of garlic.

As he gets to the door, he sees that it's ajar. He pulls the
door open and steps inside.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - DAY

Chris steps into the loft and looks around.

CHRIS
Nicole?

But even as he speaks her name, he knows she's not here. He
goes to the door of the bathroom, sees it standing wide open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris goes back to the front door. He looks out, sees the setting sun, and realizes that Nicole is gone.

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - DUSK

This is the first time we've seen it...

On the edge of the forest, an old ABANDONED POWER PLANT. It is a massive, lichen-encrusted monolith on the edge of a lake.

NICOLE walks up a rickety wooden stairway... the power plant looming up before her.

As she gets to the top of the stairs, she sees SHANE standing just inside the door. He steps out of the shadows and smiles a greeting at her.

SHANE

Welcome.

Nicole smiles back, takes Shane's hand and steps into the nest.

Shane follows her inside and the huge steel doors of the SLAM SHUT behind them.

INT. POLICE STATION, MCGRAW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chris sits in a small office across from DETECTIVE MCGRAW. McGraw plays hunt and peck on his computer, wearing a pair of reading glasses on the tip of his nose.

MCGRAW

Emerson... Nicole. Okay. And you said she's been missing since some time this afternoon?

CHRIS

Yeah. I went over to a friend's house, and when I got back she was gone.

MCGRAW

But you don't really know how long she's been unaccounted for.

CHRIS

No. But at least a couple hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCGRAW

Could she have gone out? Maybe to visit some friends?

CHRIS

I told you, we just moved here.

McGraw looks over his glasses at Chris, then consults his notes on the computer.

MCGRAW

Yet, you just said you were at a friend's house before arriving home.

CHRIS

Yes. Right. But... she doesn't have any friends. Look, are you gonna argue semantics with me, or are you gonna help me find my sister?

MCGRAW

You talk like that to me again and I'll lock you up. Just for fun.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. Listen, Officer--

MCGRAW

Detective.

CHRIS

Detective... I'm just worried about her, that's all.

McGraw takes off his glasses.

MCGRAW

Well, I don't know what you're used to, and for all I know, San Diego might be crawling with psychos and mass murderers and what not. But this is Trinidad, California.

He stands and walks to the door, opens it for Chris.

MCGRAW (cont'd)

I'm sure your sister's just fine. Best thing you can do is go home, crack a beer and wait for her show.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chris comes out of the police station, his frustration evident in his face. He storms toward Lisa's BMW.

As he gets closer to the car, a pair of HEADLIGHTS flicker on and off. The car parked next to the BMW is Shane's MERCURY Lead Sled.

Chris takes a step toward the car. The tinted driver's side window rolls down and JON leans out.

JON

Not very helpful, huh?

Chris doesn't say anything.

JON (cont'd)

Yeah. Cops can be like that.

CHRIS

You know where my sister is?

Jon nods.

JON

I do.

Chris clenches his fists and starts to head toward the car.

JON (cont'd)

Hey, hey. Take it easy, bru. Trust me when I tell you this is one time that you really want to keep that temper under control.

Jon's words make Chris pause.

JON (cont'd)

I mean, if you ever want to see your sister again.

Chris takes a deep breath.

CHRIS

Okay... What do you want?

Jon leans away from Chris and pops the passenger side door. He looks back out at Chris.

JON

Get in.

INT. MERCURY LEAD SLED - NIGHT

Chris rides along in silence. Jon whistles lightly and pilots the Mercury out of town...

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

The Mercury heads down a winding road, leaving the lights of the town far behind as it heads up into the mountains.

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The Mercury pulls up in front of the abandoned power plant. SHANE, ERIK and KYLE stand in front of three DUCATI MONSTERS (including Shane's S2R DARK). NICOLE stands beside Shane.

JON gets out of the car and saunters over to the rest of the guys.

JON
Howzit, ladies.

CHRIS gets out as well...

KYLE
What up, Mr. Big Shot Vampire Hunter.

He ignores Kyle's comments and walks directly up to Shane and Nicole.

CHRIS
You okay?

NICOLE
Yeah. I'm good.

She loops her arms around Shane's waist.

NICOLE (cont'd)
I'm really good.

Chris turns his attention to Shane.

CHRIS
I wanted to apologize... For the other night.

SHANE
Not necessary, Chris. I understand completely.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE (cont'd)

Nicole's a very special person, I can see why you'd want to protect her.

Shane looks over at Nicole and gently caresses some hair away from her face.

SHANE (cont'd)

But you don't have to protect her from me. I'd never do anything to hurt her.

Despite his best efforts, Chris can't help but respond.

CHRIS

I guess you don't count making her a vampire.

SHANE

Being one of us isn't as bad as you think, Chris. In fact, once you understand a little more, you'll see that I've given Nicole a gift.

Shane gives Nicole a kiss on top of the head and steps away from her. He pops a METAL LOCKER near the front door.

SHANE (cont'd)

Do you know how much the fear of death has limited you, Chris? The negative impact it's had on your life? You're probably not even aware of it.

From the locker, Shane produces TWO long METAL SKATEBOARDS.

SHANE (cont'd)

And I'm not even talking just about fear of your own death. Look what the fear of losing your loved ones has done to you.

Erik and Kyle each climb on a Ducati while Jon takes one of the metal skateboards.

SHANE (cont'd)

You've been so terrified of losing Nicole that you've become paranoid and overprotective. But you never have to worry about losing her again, Chris. I can make you both immortal. I can take away the pain. The fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

And all I have to do is drink
blood. What a deal.

SHANE

A small price to pay when you
consider the benefits. But for you
to truly understand what we are,
you have to experience the world
the way we do.

Shane walks over and climbs on his Ducati. He still holds one
of the steel skateboards tucked under his arm.

SHANE (cont'd)

You and your sister will never grow
old. You'll never die. And you'll
never know fear again.

The words settle on Chris... Shane holds the skateboard out
to Chris.

SHANE (cont'd)

But you have to take that first
step.

Chris hesitates, then takes the SKATEBOARD, unlike any he's
has ever seen:

It's like a speed longboard, cast from solid steel. It's
heavy, probably weighs a good 20 pounds, and the wheels are
about 10" in diameter and are made from solid rubber.

There are two STRAPS that hold a rider's feet on to the
board, like snowboard bindings.

CHRIS

What the hell is this?

SHANE

Little something me and the boys
came up with.

Jon pulls on a HELMET, drops his metal skate on the ground
and starts strapping his feet to it.

JON

You ever surfed a concrete wave
doing 90 miles an hour?

Chris starts to understand what's happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

You got to be shitting me.

Jon laughs--

JON

Time to man up, bru.

-- and grabs a STEEL HANDLE fixed to a CHAIN on the back of Kyle's DUCATI. Kyle starts up his bike--

JON lets out a WAR CRY and--

KYLE tears away, towing Jon behind him.

Shane starts his bike and nods toward the back where there's a similar HANDLE like the one on Kyle's bike.

Chris looks over at his sister, drops his board on the ground and kicks his feet into the stirrups.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

VROUGGGGHHHW! The throaty ROAR of three DUCATIS as they scream past us down the winding road.

Jon, being towed by Kyle, going like 40, is carving deep, sinuous turns down the road.

Chris hangs on to the chain, tethered to the back of Shane's bike with a death grip, white-knuckling it the whole way.

CHRIS'S POV

The road sweeps up underneath the skateboard like an asphalt belt sander.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane looks back at Chris and shouts over the wind:

SHANE

Carve a turn! It's just like surfing! Come on!

Chris summons all his courage and LEANS into a tight TURN as Shane takes the corner.

CHRIS'S POV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And it *does* feel just like surfing... Seeing the world through Chris's eyes, we feel it too. It's just like carving a massive ASPHALT WAVE.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Outside the police station. The three bikers cut their engines a block away and coast into the parking lot in stealth mode.

Chris and Jon coast in behind them and watch as the three Ducatis take specific positions around the parking lot.

Then, with a single nod, Shane sets everything into motion.

SCREEEEEECH -- All three guys open up the throttle and hold the brake, PEELING OUT and drawing out black SMOKING DONUTS in the parking lot.

THICK DARK SMOKE rises from the burning tires and--

COPS come rushing out of the building, DETECTIVE MCGRAW among them. His screams of outrage can barely be heard over the screaming tires.

MCGRAW
You punk bastards!

Chris recognizes McGraw and hides his face.

CHRIS
Shit!

Another silent cue and the three BIKERS pull in the clutches and rev their bikes, standing stock still.

MCGRAW
Turn your engines off! Now!

Another silent cue from Shane and--

ERIK slowly takes his hands off the handlebars LETTING GO OF THE CLUTCH--

The bike FIRES out of the parking lot like a bullet.

SHANE and KYLE rev their bikes and wail after Erik, slowing just enough so that JON and CHRIS can grab the tow chains, then--

They speed out of the parking lot, barely missing McGraw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCGRAW (cont'd)

Get them! Get after them, dammit!

McGraw and the other cops jump into POLICE VEHICLES.

EXT. TRINIDAD, STREET - NIGHT

The three DUCATIS and the ASPHALT SURFERS lead the POLICE on an insane high speed chase through the streets.

SHANE blasts between TRAFFIC, SPLITTING LANES with razor accuracy. The rest of the crew follows like a precision acrobatic team.

CHRIS'S POV

Threading the needle between cars, carving turns at 90.

Adrenaline meter pinned out in the red. This is pure INSANITY.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane looks back at Chris. Chris smiles and WHOOPS a fierce WAR CRY as--

The Ducatis and the asphalt surfers slip through a narrow alley between several cars and manage to escape the pursuing patrol cars.

McGraw's patrol car pulls to a stop, lights still rolling, and McGraw leaps out of the car and slams his hand on the hood repeatedly.

MCGRAW

Bastards!

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The riders return to the power plant. Shane climbs off his bike and heads toward the front door.

Jon and Kyle do likewise, and Chris is about to follow them when Erik reaches out a hand and stops him.

ERIK

Sorry, brother. This is a private club... and you're not a member.

Shane turns back from the front door. He takes Chris's measure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANE

Not yet anyway.

Chris meets his eyes.

SHANE (cont'd)

What do you think, Chris? Do you want to be one of us? Do you want to be part of the Tribe?

CHRIS

If I say yes?

SHANE

Then you might want to grab yourself a surf in the morning.

Shane smiles and heads into the lair.

SHANE (cont'd)

Because it will be the last time you see the sun.

Chris watches as Shane, Kyle and Jon disappear into the power station. After they're gone, Chris looks over at Erik.

Erik gestures at the Mercury, and the two men move toward the waiting car.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

As Chris pulls up in the BMW, his headlights illuminate JILLIAN, who's waiting for him out front.

Jillian meets Chris as he gets out of the car.

CHRIS

Hi Jillian.

She holds up a check.

JILLIAN

Your check bounced.

CHRIS

What? No, it shouldn't--

JILLIAN

Save the explanations. I'll need a new security deposit immediately in the form of a Cashier's check or money order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris takes the no-good check from her and lowers his eyes in humility. All things considered, this is a minor problem.

CHRIS

I'm very sorry about this. I'll get on it first thing in the morning.

JILLIAN

You know, maybe this is my fault. Maybe I gave you guys the wrong impression.

CHRIS

Jillian--

JILLIAN

Let me finish. I didn't want you guys to feel like I was trying to step in and be your parents. But I saw that your sister had a young man over last night.

Jillian gives him a disapproving look.

JILLIAN (cont'd)

You know, it's not really proper behavior for a young lady to have men over without a chaperone.

CHRIS

Well, she is almost eighteen--

JILLIAN

And you coming and going at these late hours. I realize I'm not your parent, but I run a tight ship around here, Chris. This behavior will not stand.

CHRIS

You're right. I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

Chris nods, edges toward the front door. Jillian gives him a final, stern look...

JILLIAN

Partying all night, sleeping all day. You both need to get it together. Quit acting like a couple of vampires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

... then, she turns and walks away, back to her own loft. Chris pulls out his keys and opens the door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Chris sits down heavily on the futon. He looks around the loft, and we can see it in his eyes...

Mundane life does not compare to what he's just experienced. Not even close.

And Chris silently makes his decision...

He lies down on the bed, wide awake, listens to the sounds of the wind outside, lost in thought.

Eventually, Chris drifts off to sleep and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, BEACH - DAY

Devil's Reef looks very different by day. Supersaturated colors -- bright. Intense.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, OCEAN - DAY

CHRIS paddles out at Devil's Reef. As he gets to the takeoff rock, we recognize the GROM from the surf shop sitting with a bunch of LOCALS.

The Grom nods at Chris as the set waves roll in.

Chris leans on his board and starts digging, which CUES UP a euphoric surf ballad, something akin to Slightly Stoopid's "Closer to the Sun".

IN THE SURFLINE

Chris paddles into a thick grinder. He makes the drop easily and leans into a deep bottom turn, setting himself up for an off-the-dial HACK.

The spray from his board flies up in a wide arc, catching sunlight. Chris realigns himself and sockets in behind the green curtain.

Inside the hollow barrel, time slows down. All Chris can hear is his echoing HEART BEAT.

This is Chris, saying goodbye to the sun. It's a beautiful, melancholy moment.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

An unnatural WIND blows around the loft and over the water, making ghastly ECHOES and SIGHS as it passes through the GIRDERS of the nearby BRIDGE.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

Chris paces. He looks up as HEADLIGHTS bounce off the water outside the big window and reflect into the loft.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

CHRIS comes out of the house with his board bag and starts toward the car.

SHANE gets out and starts helping Chris strap the bag to the roof. Neither man says anything. Shane pulls open the passenger side door for him.

Chris gets into the passenger seat and slams the door behind him.

The car rumbles to life, the headlights come on, and the Mercury reverses away.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, BLUFFS - NIGHT

The bluffs overlooking Devil's Reef.

Chris and Shane's crew share a campfire with four ALPHA PHI'S from nearby Santa Carla; hot girls wearing Abercrombie ruffled skirts and huge Chanel sunglasses.

CHRIS adjusts a piece of wood on a campfire and sits on a driftwood log. HAYDEN, the extrovert of the group, sits near him.

KYLE strums a Gibson Acoustic. One of Hayden's sisters listens and gives Kyle the moon face. ERIK shares a beer with a newly initiated sister.

Nearby, JON gropes on a third Alpha Phi. Their tumble is punctuated with MOANS and GIGGLES.

Chris looks up as...

SHANE, wearing his wetsuit peeled down to his waist, walks up with NICOLE.

SHANE
Low tide, boys. Suit up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle stops playing the guitar, all goes quiet and everyone listens... and then they hear:

The distinct RUMBLE of the SURF.

Kyle, Jon and Erik are up in a flash, grabbing their gear bags, yanking out wetsuits. Nicole and Chris share a look.

NICOLE

You guys are paddling out... now?

Shane just nods as the rest of the guys continue to get ready. Now, Chris joins them, pulling his own wetsuit out of a gear bag.

NICOLE (cont'd)

It's pitch black out there.

Shane looks over at Chris.

SHANE

If you're in synch with the ocean...

CHRIS

You don't need to see.

A silent moment of understanding between the two men. Shane smiles.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, SURFLINE - NIGHT

CHRIS paddles out in the cold darkness, coming to a stop where SHANE and the rest of the guys huddle waiting for the set.

It's eerily quiet out here. Just the sound of the strippers' screaming and the water THOCKING against their boards.

Chris looks around as his eyes adjust to the darkness.

CHRIS

So, you guys have night vision or what?

KYLE

Night vision?

CHRIS

You know, like bats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JON

Like bats?

CHRIS

Yeah. I mean, can't you turn into bats or whatever?

The guys laugh.

JON

Way too many movies, bru.

SHANE

We don't have night vision, Chris.

KYLE

Actually, bats don't have night vision either. They use sonar.

Back to that eerie silence, and then--

SOMETHING brushes against Chris's leg. He jolts and pulls his legs up.

CHRIS

Fuck. Okay, fuck.

KYLE

What's the matter?

CHRIS

Something just brushed my leg.

JON

Uh oh.

Jon starts HUMMING the THEME to JAWS: Duh duh. Duh duh. The other guys join in.

CHRIS

Guys, I'm not fucking around.

Everyone quiets. Erik pulls his legs up and looks around.

KYLE

We are pretty close to the Farallon Islands. It's like a breeding ground for Whites. There might--

SUDDENLY, Jon's body jerks and lets out a THROATY YELL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JON
Aaaaaggggh!

Chris lurches out and grabs Jon's forearm--

Jon starts LAUGHING.

JON (cont'd)
Oh, bru. Your face.

Chris glares.

CHRIS
That's not funny, dick.

And Jon glares right back.

JON
But it is though.

The two men stare at each other, the tension between almost palpable. Jon maneuvers his board closer to Chris.

Chris shifts slightly on his board, getting ready to launch the board at Jon's forehead. It might go down right now...

Kyle jolts.

KYLE
Whoa! Okay, I just got cruised.
Like for real.

Chris and Jon forget about their hatred for each other as Kyle leans forward on his board and starts to paddle in.

JON
Hey! Where are you going, pussy?

KYLE
Sorry guys, it's all fun and games
until someone gets eaten.

Jon takes two seconds to process his words, then lies down on his board and starts to paddle in after Kyle.

CHRIS
I thought you guys couldn't die. I
thought you were immortal.

JON
We are. But who wants to live for
eternity with only one foot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jon and Kyle paddle in, leaving ERIK, SHANE and CHRIS in the water.

Shane looks at the two of them, and can see nothing but confidence on their faces. Even as...

A FIN breaks the surface and skims past his board.

CHRIS

Jesus--

As the shark grazes by Shane's leg, Shane barely flinches.

SHANE

Yeah. I just got a nudge.

ERIK

We should call it.

SHANE

You guys wanna go in, go ahead. I'm waiting for the set.

Erik watches the surface of the water. For the first time since we met him, he looks worried. He nods and starts to paddle in.

Chris stays where he is. Shane cups his hands together and squirts water at Chris.

CHRIS

I'm not going in until you do.

Shane looks at him.

SHANE

You see? Living without fear. It's freeing, isn't it?

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

Nicole and the other Alpha Phis meet the surfers at the water's edge, beers in hand.

NICOLE

What's going on?

KYLE

Chris saw a shark.

Nicole's eyes widen in fear. She looks at Jon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
Where's Shane and Chris?

JON
Still out there.

NICOLE
Why didn't they come in? What are
they doing?

HAYDEN comes over and tries to console Nicole.

HAYDEN
Hey, take it easy. I'm sure he's
gonna be alright.

They all peer into the darkness, but literally can't make out anything. All they can hear is the RUMBLE of the surf.

Everyone peers into the darkness, but no one can make out anything... All they can hear is the RUMBLE of the surf.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, SURFLINE - NIGHT

SHANE and CHRIS start paddling, catch a set wave and drop in. Chris makes the drop and pulls a textbook bottom turn, railing right into a sick hack off the top.

Shane miscalculates a turn and WIPES OUT, his board shoots out from under his feet, straight up in the air.

Shane doesn't come up right away, and the surf bears the two BROKEN HALVES of his surfboard toward shore.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

CHRIS rides what's left of his wave almost right up to the beach.

Everyone reacts as Shane's BROKEN SURFBOARD washes in a moment later.

NICOLE
Where's Shane?

Chris gets into the shallow water and Nicole starts yelling at him.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Why did you leave him?

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, SURFLINE - NIGHT

SHANE surfaces, takes in a deep, gasping breath. He starts swimming back in when--

The FIN reappears.

Shane doesn't see it, just keeps swimming toward shore as the shark bears down on him, closing the gap.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, WATER'S EDGE - SAME

Suddenly, everyone hears SHANE let out a sharp CRY of SURPRISE.

NICOLE

Oh my god. No.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, SURFLINE - NIGHT

Where SHANE was a moment ago, now nothing but CHURNING, BLOODY water that speaks of the violence beneath the surface.

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

And NICOLE screams and starts running for the water.

NICOLE

Shane!

No one moves to stop her except--

CHRIS

NO!

Chris charges into the water and tackles Nicole in the shallow surf.

Nicole gets up and tries to push free of his grasp, but Chris holds her fast.

NICOLE

Let go! Get off me!

CHRIS

Stop, Nicole, stop, there's nothing you can do!

Nicole struggles against him, but they're joined by Erik.

Together, Chris and Erik pull Nicole back toward the beach. She's hysterical, crying and sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
Get off of me! Stop it!

Kyle wades out into thigh deep water for a moment, staring out into the black sea.

Nicole collapses to her knees. Everyone wears expressions of numb disbelief and shock.

Chris comes up behind Nicole and tries to comfort her as Erik collects Shane's board.

NICOLE (cont'd)
This isn't happening. This is a
nightmare. This is a nightmare.
This is a nightmare.

The Alpha Phis stand in silent, numb shock. Everyone stares out at the darkened ocean, slowly coming to accept the truth.

WHEN...

SHANE (O.S.)
What are you all looking at?

Everyone turns to see:

SHANE, 25 yards down the beach, LIMPING toward them with one arm behind him, like it's been injured.

NICOLE
Oh my god... Shane...

With Nicole in front, everyone rushes to meet Shane.

Before Nicole can grab him in a hug, Shane steps aside and they see why he was limping:

He's DRAGGING a seven-foot WHITE SHARK behind him.

SHANE lets go of the tail and the shark makes a THUMP in the wet sand.

He gazes down at his prey, then looks up at everyone and smiles.

SHANE
Who wants shark tacos?

EXT. DEVIL'S REEF, BLUFFS - NIGHT

A big spoonful of SALSA is heaped onto a SHARK TACO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We pull back from the shark taco to reveal that everyone is back around the campfire up on the BLUFFS, eating ravenously. Kyle is back at the guitar.

The mood at the campfire is one of relief and high spirits. Chris is even smiling and holding a conversation with Hayden now.

NICOLE and SHANE sit off to the side, talking in low, hushed tones. Then...

Shane stands, reaches into a backpack and pulls out the ANTIQUE BOTTLE.

Without a word, he hands the bottle to JON and reaches down to help NICOLE to her feet.

SHANE

Well, friends... we're going to
take our leave of you now.

Nicole and Chris lock eyes for the briefest of moments, and then Shane leads her away.

Chris watches them walk down the path toward the parking lot, gradually getting lost in the darkness. He's pulled out of his reverie by--

TING TING TING. Jon raps his ring against the wine bottle and opens it. He holds the open neck up to his nose, savoring the smell, then...

JON

I'm not sure if you all know this,
but salt water and blood are
basically the same thing.

Jon takes a long sip from the bottle, then walks over and gives the bottle to Kyle.

JON (cont'd)

There was this French biologist
that tried to prove that by doing a
series of experiments on stray
dogs.

Kyle takes a sip and passes the bottle to Erik.

JON (cont'd)

He drained all the blood out of one
of the dogs and replaced it with
diluted sea water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Erik takes a moment before tilted the bottle back and drinking.

JON (cont'd)
Most people would naturally assume
that the dog died.

The Alpha Phi's make various disgusted faces. Jon continues, undeterred.

JON (cont'd)
But four days later, almost all of
the dog's missing blood had been
regenerated. The salt water had
been converted to plasma.

Erik finishes his drink and hands the bottle back to Jon.

JON (cont'd)
And after that, the dog was more
alive and vibrant than it had been
before the experiment. It went on
to live a long, healthy life.

Jon takes a beat, giving the moment its full weight, and hands the bottle to Chris.

JON (cont'd)
To long life, Chris.

Chris closes his eyes, takes a deep breath... and DRINKS the BLOOD.

Chris stops drinking, looks through the fire at JON, KYLE and ERIK. The contents are already having an effect, turning everything misty, ethereal.

CHRIS'S POV

The FLAMES of the fire twist and turn like small, dancing bodies. The heat waves of the fire make FUNHOUSE distortions of the FACES gathered around.

BACK TO SCENE

Hayden takes a sip of her beer.

HAYDEN
So what's the point? We should all
go get salt water transfusions?

Jon smiles at her as he takes the bottle from Chris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JON

The point, my dear, simple child,
is that every surfer you know has
swallowed gallons of salt water.
Which is basically the same thing
as swallowing gallons of blood.

Hayden nods, but isn't really following Jon's logic, and
she's not sure that she likes the way he's talking to her.

KYLE

So what he's really trying to say
is...

Kyle leers through the flames at the girls.

KYLE (cont'd)

We're all vampires!

The girls laugh. Hayden makes a cartoonish "vampire" face and
forms her hands into claws.

HAYDEN

Ooooh. So scary.

Hayden looks around at the faces of the surfers. They just
stare at her with dead, humorless eyes... with the exception
of Chris -- who has a look of vague, dawning horror.

Then, the surfers laugh -- cruel, MOCKING LAUGHTER that sends
a chill down Chris's spine. Jon stops laughing abruptly and
looks directly at Hayden.

JON

No, but seriously.

(beat)

We're vampires.

And then it happens--

The VAMPIRES ATTACK!

ERIK is the first to feed. Finally being allowed to complete
his change... so blood-starved that his BITE nearly TEARS all
the way through his victim's neck. She doesn't even get the
chance to scream--

But her sisters do and they LET LOOSE, filling the night with
throat-rending cries of TERROR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JON and KYLE fall on their victims, as spurts of DARK JUGULAR BLOOD hit the sand. The girls claw at their attackers to no avail.

Chris gasps for breath, turns to look at HAYDEN, who's staring back at him with a horrified look. She knows that she's meant to be his meal.

He leaps to his feet and rushes toward her. Hayden lets out a terrified SCREAM--

And Chris grabs her. She fights, clawing and scratching at him, but Chris yanks her to her feet and pulls her to him.

For one, awful moment, we think that Chris is going to complete his transformation and feed on her. His eyes may even be glowing a slight tinge of yellow. But then--

CHRIS

Run.

It's not what Hayden expected, and she remains frozen in the spot. Chris grabs her hand and starts to pull her away.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Come on!

With one last look at her blood-soaked sisters, Hayden turns and bolts with Chris.

Jon looks up from his kill momentarily and watches them go, an amused smirk on his face then--

He launches himself THROUGH THE FIRE, exploding on the other side in a hail of sparks and flame--

His clawed hands catch Hayden by the shoulders. She gets out a surprised "Hrrrrugh!" moments before she's driven to the ground.

CHRIS springs into action. He rushes over, tries to tear Jon away from Hayden. When that doesn't work, Chris throws himself into Jon's chest.

Jon is caught off guard, but still manages to spin free. Jon BACKHANDS Chris and KNOCKS HIM AWAY like a gnat.

As Chris lands on the sand, the wind knocked out of him, Jon crouches over Hayden. He opens his vampire maw, revealing his glistening FANGS, and RIPS the SCREAM out of Hayden's throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Chris pushes himself up to his hands and knees. He looks up and sees JON standing over Hayden's lifeless body, spattered with BLOOD and GORE.

JON

You fucked up, bru. Shane's not around to save your ass this time, and I've pretty much had it with your attitude.

Now the other two vamps, Kyle and Erik, turn their attention from their kills to the rising tension between Chris and Jon.

JON (cont'd)

Let's finish this already.

Chris finds a piece of DRIFTWOOD with one hand. He gets to his feet and glares hatred at Jon.

Jon SMILES malice, revealing his razor sharp FANGS and--

KRACCK! Chris splints the piece of driftwood over his knee, turning it into two separate pieces with jagged ends... two STAKES.

Jon has a moment where he looks less confident and--

CHRIS charges in with the STAKES--

JON catches Chris by the throat and starts to choke the life out of him.

Chris strikes with one of the stakes, but Jon catches the attacking arm by the wrist and TWISTS it behind Chris's back with a nasty SNAP!

Chris cries out in agony but does not let go of the stakes. With his free hand, Chris drives the other stake upward--

SPLUTCH! The stake finds its target, pierces Jon's chest and EXPLODES out his back.

JON screams in pain and VOMITS up a stream of BLACK VAMPIRE BLOOD. He releases Chris and falls to the ground.

Instantly, ERIK and KYLE are on their feet, ready to take Chris down. Their FANGS bared, their YELLOW EYES blazing.

Chris cradles his injured hand and tries to square off against the two remaining vampires as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JON keeps vomiting up the black blood in a continual stream, which starts to deflate his body like a balloon being siphoned... accompanied by a disgusting, WET GURGLING sound.

Erik and Kyle start to close in on Chris when--

EDDY FROG steps out of the darkness behind Chris, wielding a polished STEEL STAKE.

EDDY
Bring it, suck monkeys.

Erik and Kyle are pissed off, but they're not stupid.

In a heartbeat, they fly out of frame in a BLUR -- mere seconds later, the MERCURY fires up and peels out of the parking lot.

Once they're gone, Chris surveys the carnage. Four dead sorority girls and one dead vampire -- or at least, what's left of a dead vampire.

He turns and looks at Eddy.

CHRIS
What took you so long?

Eddy sheaths his stake.

EDDY
Traffic was a bitch.

EXT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - NIGHT

Establishing the outside of the Frog House. Eddy's F250 is parked out front.

INT. FROG HOUSE, SHAPING SHED - NIGHT

EDDY stands in front of several gallon bottles of drinking water spread out on the floor. He's got a Bible in one hand and he's speaking in Latin. CHRIS watches him, unsure.

CHRIS
What're you doing?

EDDY
Turning these bottles into Holy Water. I'm a minister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

You're a minister. Come on, how are you a Minister?

EDDY

Got ordained online. I'm recognized by the International Association of Online Ministers as the Honorable Reverend Edgar Frog, Vampire Hunter.

CHRIS

You have to study for that?

EDDY

Nah. You just go to this website, answer a couple questions and click "ordain me".

Eddy sets the Bible aside and starts packing up more gear, the tools of VAMPIRE HUNTING.

EDDY (cont'd)

I need to warn you, Chris. When a vampire buys it, it's never a pretty sight. No two bloodsuckers ever go out the same way. Some yell and scream. Some go quietly. Some explode. Some implode. But all will try to take you with them.

Eddy grabs a black GEAR BAG and starts stuffing items into it. He describes the items to Chris as he digs around in the back of the truck:

A bunch of wooden STAKES, held together with a Velcro strap.

EDDY (cont'd)

Okay, first off, we got your stakes. These puppies are like the bread and butter of vampire slaying. I'm gonna give you a full assortment. A couple metal, a couple wood, and a couple resin. The resin ones are great because they're super light, but not as strong as the classic wood jobs. I'm also gonna throw some stubbies in there...

Eddy holds up a STUBBIE....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDY (cont'd)
These are for close hand-to-hand
combat. Silver plated. Killer.

He tosses the Stubbies into the bag and picks up a bag of
WATER BALLOONS.

EDDY (cont'd)
Water balloons. We'll fill them
with the Holy Water I just made.

And Eddy moves on like a whirlwind to a cardboard box full of
CROSSES.

EDDY (cont'd)
Couple of crosses.

The crosses go into the bag, Eddy moves on to pull a GARLIC
BOLO from deep in the truck bed.

EDDY (cont'd)
And a garlic bolo. You know how to
use one of these?

CHRIS
No.

EDDY
It's pretty self explanatory.
You'll figure it out.

Eddy loops the garlic bolo over Chris's shoulder. The last
thing Eddy picks up is a KATANA sword. He slings the sword
on his back, Eddy toward the door and hesitates--

EDDY (cont'd)
Oh, wait.

He reaches up onto a shelf and pulls down one final thing...

His signature BANDANNA. Eddy ties it around his head and
turns to Chris with a serious, grim expression.

EDDY (cont'd)
Okay. Let's rock.

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - NIGHT

CHRIS, and EDDY look up at the darkened edifice, no idea what
awaits them inside, an iconic moment reminiscent of Father
Merrin standing outside the MacNeil home in *The Exorcist*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two HUNTERS summon their resolve and head toward the door. EDDY wears a BANDOLIER across his chest covered with WATER BALLOONS.

They arrive at the HEAVY STEEL front door. Eddy slips on his headlamp. He and Chris take positions on either side of the door.

Eddy digs into his backpack and pulls out a BRICK of PLASTIQUE.

CHRIS

Holy shi--

Eddy gives Chris an admonishing look and puts his finger to his lips to shush him.

Working silently and efficiently, Eddy works the brick into the door gap, molding it into the opening.

Eddy pulls a REMOTE DETONATOR from the backpack, jabs the conduits into the plastique. He turns and makes a hasty retreat away from the door, Chris right behind him.

Once they're clear, Eddy hits the button on the detonator--

WH-BOOM!

The door explodes off its hinges.

Chris looks at Eddy with a confused expression

CHRIS (cont'd)

I thought we were trying to be quiet.

EDDY

Why would we be trying to be quiet?

CHRIS

I don't know... the element of surprise?

EDDY

Suck Monkeys have super sensitive hearing, pal. You can't sneak up on them. They probably heard us coming about twenty minutes ago.

Eddy lifts his stake with one hand and grabs one of his Holy Water Balloons with the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDDY (cont'd)
Time to raise the stakes.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the vampire's Nest. The two HUNTERS enter the vast, empty darkened space. The blown out doors provide little illumination from outside... almost completely black in here.

Then, from all around them... the sound of CRUEL, MOCKING LAUGHTER.

ERIK
Is it Halloween already? What are you two supposed to be? Wait, lemme guess... Vampire hunters?

Chris moves deeper into the room, showing no fear.

EDDY
Chris! Don't break the phalanx!
You're getting too far--

SOMETHING flies out of the darkness and literally tears Chris out of frame.

EDDY (cont'd)
Chris!

With a battle cry, EDDY charges off into the darkness.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, MAIN ROOM - SAME

CHRIS is up against the wall, being choked by a fully vamped out, scary-as-Hell looking KYLE. Chris tries to call out to Eddy, but Kyle tightens his grip on Chris's throat.

Kyle puts his finger to his lips and shushes Chris.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, CORRIDOR - SAME

EDDY comes to a corridor with a long row of bare light bulbs that run along the length of the ceiling. Low watt bulbs that do little to dispel the gloom.

EDDY
Chris?

The far end of the corridor is a "T" that heads off to the left and right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddy yanks two WATER BALLOON GRENADES off his bandolier and starts moving down the corridor.

Then, suddenly, at the far end of the corridor--

POP! The furthest light bulb winks out, with the sound of glass breaking, which plunges the far end of the corridor into complete darkness.

EDDY stops in his tracks, grips the water balloons.

POP! The next light bulb down the line pops out and-- POP! The next. And the darkness starts to grow and consume the corridor by increments.

EDDY holds his ground, face set in grim determination.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, MAIN ROOM - SAME

Kyle tightens his grip on Chris's throat, but Chris manages to free one hand and digs frantically at his thigh--

His hand finds a STAKE. He brings it up fast, the tip pointed at the fleshy part of Kyle's throat.

But Kyle catches the stake and wrenches it sideways out of Chris's grasp. He laughs.

But Kyle doesn't realize that Chris's other hand has managed to pull the GARLIC BOLO off his shoulder

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, CORRIDOR - SAME

There are only two light bulbs between EDDY and the darkness now. Then-- POP!... Now only one.

POP! Now complete darkness.

EDDY pans his headlamp around, trying to see his attacker and with sudden, inhuman swiftness--

ERIK'S LEERING FACE appears in his headlamp's cone of light.

Though he's trained for this moment, EDDY can't help but be freaked out by the horrific visage in front of him--

He lets out a sound that's somewhere between a fright-induced scream and a true battle cry and--

EDDY pegs ERIK right in the face with one of the water balloons!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Erik lets out a horrible, high-pitched SHRIEK and starts twitching and jerking, bouncing off the sides of the corridor.

Eddy can't see everything that's going on, because his headlamp is his only means of illumination, but he doesn't leave anything to chance and--

EDDY
Die, suck monkey!

SPLOOSH! Pegs Erik with another water balloon.

Erik's screams turn to awful GURGLING sounds as the vampire starts to LIQUEFY, turning into a pool of STEAMING, black TAR-LIKE GUNK.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, MAIN ROOM - SAME

Kyle hears Erik's screams and turns his attention away from Chris, just long enough for him to take action.

Chris snaps out with GARLIC BOLO, flinging it with expert accuracy. The bolo wraps around Kyle's neck, the two ends spinning around, making a tightening NOOSE.

Kyle SCREAMS. He turns back toward Chris and HISSES, lunging back at him when--

SPLUTCH! His head INFLATES like a BALLOON and explodes in a spray of black vampire blood and meat! Fucking nasty!

Kyle's headless body falls to the floor, spilling out more black vampire BLOOD.

Chris only has a moment to enjoy the victory when...

NICOLE (O.S.)
Chris...

A WHISPER, coming from an open archway across the room, accompanied by a sickly YELLOW GLOW.

Chris rushes to the archway and looks beyond...

The source of the yellow glow seems to come from the bottom of a long set of STAIRS cut into the rock, leading down into the bowels of the building.

Chris takes only a moment, then heads down the stairs.

INT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT, COFFIN ROOM - NIGHT

Chris reaches the bottom of the stairs and arrives in a dank and moist cellar, filled with the vampire COFFINS.

VAMPIRE POV SHOT - From a high perspective, looking down on Chris.

Chris pulls a carbon fiber STAKE out of his gear bag.

As Chris moves cautiously, SHANE'S VOICE echoes out of the darkness, seeming to come from everywhere at once.

SHANE (O.S.)

Chris. Stop fighting. This is who you are now.

CHRIS

I'm not a killer.

SHANE (O.S.)

Yet, you didn't have any problem killing Jon.

Shane LAUGHS from the darkness.

SHANE (O.S.) (cont'd)

It doesn't matter. I'm not angry. Jon. Kyle. Erik. They're all expendable. They're followers. They're not like us.

Chris spins with the stake, still unable to find Shane.

SHANE (cont'd)

I wanted someone that would push the boundaries, someone that would challenge me.

And now Shane appears out of the shadows. Chris glares at him.

SHANE (cont'd)

I saw that in you.

CHRIS

Then why did you go after my sister?

SHANE

I love Nicole. We're going to share eternity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And NICOLE appears out of the darkness, looking totally VAMPED out and scary and hot.

CHRIS
Nicole... Don't give in to this.

NICOLE
I'm not giving in. I just don't want to lose you like we lost mom and dad. Please, Chris, join us. We'll be a family together, forever.

CHRIS
No... we can't do this. We can't...

SHANE (O.S.)
Yes, you can.

And now SHANE comes out of the darkness as well, taking his place at Nicole's side.

SHANE (cont'd)
Come on, Chris. Think of how you felt when we were going 90 against the flow of traffic, think of the rush you experienced when you felt no fear at all. Take that feeling and magnify it.

Shane caresses Nicole's cheek, and his face looks vulpine, predatory.

SHANE (cont'd)
Consuming living human blood, taking in someone's life, their essence... that's the real rush.

Chris actually starts go into a VAMPIRE RAGE-- His teeth elongate, his eyes roll back in his head. When they return forward to glare at Shane, they're BRIGHT YELLOW and--

He raises his stake and CHARGES at Shane in a fury.

SHANE swats the stake away from CHRIS as they collapse to the floor and start pummelling each other, each vampire getting in a couple of good shots. Shane gets in a solid punch--

Chris falls back, rolling instantly to his feet. Shane rises into a crouch. They both look down and see...

The STAKE: lying in the middle of the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICOLE

No! Please, both of you! Stop!

Chris's EYES NARROW... Shane's EYES NARROW, and--

SHANE and CHRIS launch themselves forward, both men reaching for the stake.

CHRIS arrives first. He grabs up the weapon, brings it around to bear on Shane and thrusts--

Shane moves sideways, grabs Chris by the wrist with one hand, catches the stake with the other hand and yanks it from Chris's grasp.

Chris's momentum carries him forward, where he collides with the wall.

Shane SNAPS the stake in two as if it were a twig and tosses the two halves away.

SHANE

Sorry, had to take that away. You could take an eye out with that thing.

Chris hurls himself at Shane again. Shane meets Chris halfway, and again-- KRACK! A painful collision.

The two men grab hold of each other and throw elbows, knees, whatever. Like a UFC fight between two vampires, turning the space into a VAMPIRE WAR ZONE.

NICOLE doesn't know which way to turn: the only two people she loves, and it looks like one is going to die.

SHANE grabs CHRIS around the throat and-- KRACK! Shane SLAMS Chris's head into the floor. Chris fights to remain conscious as Shane tightens his grip--

With his last breath, Chris gasps out:

CHRIS

Nicole... please...

Nicole looks over at SHANE and CHRIS.

NICOLE

Shane! No! You're killing him!

Chris starts to BLACK OUT, his hands scrabbling around on the floor, trying to find a weapon, trying to reach:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The GEAR BAG, which lies open... All those stakes and weapons, just out of reach.

SHANE chokes the last bit of air out of Chris.

Nicole watches in confused terror, her allegiances torn between the man she loves and her brother. Then--

EDDY (O.S.)
Die, Suck Monkey!

EDDY comes barrelling down the stairs into the room and FIRES a HOLY WATER BALLOON at Shane--

Shane dodges at the last minute and--

SPLOOSH! The balloon breaks on the wall and sprays Holy Water. Chris gasps for air...

Nicole rushes to Chris's side as--

SHANE launches himself at EDDY, grabs him by the throat and SLAMS him against the wall.

Eddy struggles to breathe, letting go of his weapons in his struggle to break free of Shane's grasp.

EDDY'S KATANA falls to the floor at Shane's feet. All looks lost for Eddy Frog when--

-- WH-CHUNK!

A STAKE pierces Shane's back, and explodes out through his chest.

SHANE looks down at the spike sticking out of his chest.

With his last burst of energy, Shane throws Eddy across the room in a FURY.

SHANE spins around on the guy who staked him -- CHRIS.

He grabs Chris, shoves him against the wall, and starts pushing the STAKE that pokes through his chest up against Chris, trying to IMPALE HIM!

SHANE
If I'm going, you're coming with
me.

The STAKE is right up against Chris's chest, and it's tearing into his flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Chris gasps in pain, blood flows, and Shane gathers his last bit of strength to pull Chris forward and PLUNGE the STAKE into him. He starts to pull when--

WHH-SHUCK!

A KATANA BLADE cuts neatly through Shane's neck and--

SHANE'S HEADLESS BODY falls to the floor revealing:

NICOLE holding the KATANA in its final position after the killing stroke.

A silent moment of sadness and regret between Shane and Nicole. She has tears in her eyes as Shane gasps for breath, trying to speak.

SHANE (cont'd)

But... we were... supposed to be together. For eternity.

NICOLE

He's my brother. Family is forever.

THEN--

Shane's body starts to BUBBLE and BOIL, his body turning into a mass of undulating, throbbing flesh which IGNITES and starts BURNING.

Chris and Nicole back away instinctively as Shane's body is consumed by BLUE FLAMES.

Nicole sobs, a choked sound. She buries her head in her brother's shoulder.

Eddy walks over and kneels over Shane's bubbling, oozy REMAINS.

EDDY

Build a man a fire and he's warm
for a day.

He unceremoniously YANKS the stake out of Shane's corpse.

EDDY (cont'd)

Light a man on fire, and he's warm
for the rest of his life.

INT. EDDY'S F250 - DAWN

The sun is coming up, shining right in Eddy's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDY drives his ratty old beat up F250. NICOLE and CHRIS in sit next to him on the bench seat, Nicole in the middle.

All three are literally COVERED head to toe with VAMPIRE GUTS and BLOOD. They ride in grim silence.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - MORNING

Eddy's truck pulls up. CHRIS and NICOLE climb out. Before they head for the loft, Chris hesitates outside Eddy's window.

CHRIS

I just wanted to say... Thanks. For everything.

EDDY

Hey.

Eddy nods, lights up a Cohiba.

EDDY (cont'd)

It's what I do.

Then, Eddy throws the truck in reverse and peels out backward.

Chris and Nicole watch him tear out of the parking lot, leaving a big cloud of disturbed dust in its wake.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - MORNING

The front door opens, Chris and Nicole drag their exhausted bodies into the loft. With every step, bits of vampire guts and spots of blood fall on the floor.

They stare at the morning sun through bleary eyes. They have never been more tired in their lives. They both head for the futon when--

Suddenly, behind them... a silhouetted FIGURE steps into the doorway.

JILLIAN

You think I don't know what's going on, don't you?

They turn to see JILLIAN standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILLIAN (cont'd)
I know what you're doing. I know
what you've been up to, and you
need to stop.

Jillian steps into the loft and walks right up to Chris and
Nicole. She jabs an accusatory finger at them.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
I won't stand by and watch two
young people that I care about fall
into this trap. You hear me? I will
not allow it.

Chris and Nicole lower their heads. But Jillian is not
done...

JILLIAN (cont'd)
So if I so much as see a single
wrapping paper, or smell a hint of
pot, I'm calling the police.

Nicole and Chris are too stunned to respond.

JILLIAN (cont'd)
End of discussion.

Jillian turns and struts out the door, knowing that she has
made her point.

As the door slams on the confused and battle-weary faces of
Nicole and Chris, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

T H E E N D